

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1897.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOSPITAL-FUND.

PATRIOTIC Englishmen all the world over desire to show their reverence for the English lady who from girlhood to old age has been their Queen. She has not lived in secluded and inconsiderate opulence, like a being moving in another world, but has in a manner shared their life, as they in a manner have shared hers. When any trouble or disaster has arisen, she has always been quick to send a message of thoughtfulness and pity, like one who felt that if, in regal phrase, England was hers, she also on her part had in honour to pay her tribute to the people by sharing their sorrows. Her family life, too, seems known to us. It is knit together by personal attachments; it accords with the best traditions, and appeals to the goodness of the people, a family life like their own, but queenly. This is the heart and centre of her supremacy. From this central point it stretches far outwards. Thus, for instance, a young American friend of ours, who happened to be in England on the Queen's birthday, telegraphed his congratulations; the acknowledgment came at once, and is now a never-to-be-forgotten event. In this spirit the Queen has sway over a wider empire than her own. If she is the Queen of England, she is also, it may rightly be said, a Queen-President of the English race. For such a sovereign the people will

do much. What in London have they been asked to do?

They have been asked to support their hospitals. The object and characteristics of the appeal made to them by the Prince of Wales are best summed up when the appeal is stated as an argument. It then runs as follows:—It is very important that the hospitals of London should remain voluntary institutions and saved from state or parochial aid. They not only relieve the sick poor, but serve as schools for medical education and science. But if their position is to be secured, a large sum must be raised. In 1895 the accounts of one hundred and twenty-two metropolitan hospitals and convalescent homes showed a deficiency of £70,000 on ordinary receipts as against ordinary expenditure. On another calculation, including only institutions that failed to meet their outgoings, the deficiency may be taken at £102,500. The remedy for this is that the mass of the people should make good the difference. At present less than one per cent. of the population support hospitals. It is hoped to alter this. It is desired to raise a fund of £100,000 to £150,000 in annual subscriptions of one shilling and upwards from those who have not contributed regularly hitherto. The deficiency will thus be amply met. The distribution of the fund is not

without difficulties. For the first year the Distribution Committee of the Hospital Sunday Fund will enable us to cope with them. Subsequently we may seek the assistance of representatives chosen by the hospitals.

It is not fair, perhaps, to demand more than generalisations from an appeal. Still in this instance the occasion is exceptional; the situation is obviously very grave, and the claim for help is based on a promise of financial security in the future. Not only is an appeal made, but a policy is advocated. There is the amplest justification, therefore, for analysing both the appeal and the general position which it indicates.

These questions then arise. Is there this actual deficit of £70,000 to £102,500 a year? Is it due to the disinclination of our people to support the hospitals, and will greater generosity on their part remove it? Granted that the distribution is not without its difficulties, will co-operation with the Hospital Sunday Fund remove them? And why after the first year is the possibility of some representation of the hospitals suggested? A further question, that might indeed be put first, is whether it is desirable to save the hospitals from state or parochial aid?

But since the Prince's appeal was issued, some modifications have been made in its proposals. These consist, first of all, in a classification of contributions, and secondly in a restatement of objects. The classification of contributions admits of four kinds of payment: annual subscriptions payable during life or until further notice; subscriptions for a term of years; subscriptions capitalised at four per cent.; and donations, the application of which the donors may leave to the discretion of the Council of the Fund. Evidently the weakness of the flesh has been considered; we are allowed

some dispensations, and a new branch has been added to the fund, which is to consist of donations only, instead of annual subscriptions. The statement of objects also has been expanded. In its further, but not final, form it has six heads: to raise £100,000 or more for the sustentation of the hospitals; to supplement the direct munificence of existing subscribers; not to trench on the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Funds; to promote and make easy the practice of regular annual giving by persons of moderate means; to create a central fund, the administration and distribution of which shall command the confidence of those who have no special reason for favouring any particular hospital; to attach to this fund the contributions of those who do not pay to hospitals, or who aid them but irregularly; and lastly, to receive for the above objects contributions of the four kinds. This statement seems to be rather a series of formulas drafted to meet objections and requests for information from correspondents, than a clearly conceived enunciation of objects. But in regard to it also questions arise. Will this central fund not interfere with the hospitals and the Saturday and Sunday Funds? Will it have the confidence of those philanthropic nomads, who find no resting-place for their charities in any particular hospital? On what ground is the confidence of the public claimed for the new administration? For the moment, however, we will pass by these questions, and turn to one or two principles, which apply no less to medical than other forms of charity.

This £100,000 which the people are asked to contribute annually is a large investment. Were it a commercial investment, the individuals who subscribe to it would, to that extent, suffer loss if it turned out a failure. They give it out and out, however,

expecting no return ; and thus so far as they are concerned, whether it result in success or failure, or, in other words, do good or harm, they individually will not be the sufferers. Nevertheless an investment it is ; and the Council of the Fund are in fact the donors' trustees, responsible for its beneficial application. If, and in so far as it fails to do good, and in this the distinction lies, it is not the donors who are injured ; it is the people at large. And if they are injured, it were better that the fund had been invested in the unredeemable security of some new South Sea Bubble, than levied upon the donors of the metropolis. Charity, instead of assuaging or preventing distress, may, we know, be an investment in the demoralisation of the people. How will it be with this £100,000 ?

If it is to do good and not harm, the almoner, or ultimate user of the money, must not be guided by a mere charity of the sensations, by an elemental, indefinite, and untrained sentiment. He must be equipped with a knowledge of the condition of the poor and of their needs and wants, appraised not according to the social standard of the philanthropist himself, but according to the standard of duty and well-being that the best of the poorer classes themselves accept. He must be aided by that constant practice in helping others and testing the utility of the help, which alone educates the judgment and prevents frequent failure and waste of time and energy. He must have as his main object the assistance of the individual in such terms that no single link that preserves the robustness and soundness of his social life is broken. If by his acts he advocates reliance on charity instead of self-reliance, he is but making the individual more indigent and England more degraded. In the administration of

this fund, the governors and the medical officers of the hospitals will be the chief almoners and ultimate users of the contributions of the public. On them, therefore, directly or indirectly, lies the fulfilment of the responsibilities that we have just sketched.

But more is required of them. To knowledge of the individual must be added organisation. Organisation implies the willing co-operation of societies and persons who are engaged in different branches of charitable work, as though they were prompted by similar impulses and dominated by common convictions. Without this, charity can do little or nothing ; by it the duties to which we have just referred may be shared with others. A hospital which acts as an isolated unit and, as is now usually the case, overlooks all the other needs of its patients but those of medicine and surgery, lapses into the position of a mere medical dolegiver, distributing largess to hundreds of people. It admits without discrimination, and excludes no one. The medicine may be good enough, and the advice sound ; but it will be only a dole, if it is given without regard to secondary results, if it does not work towards the ultimate good of the patient. The medical dole, like a relief-dole, will make the patient an habitual claimant for hospital-help, and will lead him to conclude that it would be folly for him to join a sick club or to pay a general practitioner, since it is so easy for him and his wife and children to go to hospital for every ache and pain ; and if the self-reliance of the patient be weakened in one respect, it is often weakened by degrees in many others. For the purposes of charity then organisation is necessary, by which, in association with others, aid is given or refused on such conditions as will further the lasting good of the applicant.

These propositions apply to all charitable work ; and if the £100,000 is to be spent to the interest of the community, they cannot, we believe, be slighted or ignored. It is in their fulfilment, and not in the mere raising of funds, that the real difficulties of the question lie.

If we show in a few words how the present state of things has grown up, we may find some solution of these difficulties.

In 1724, when Guy's was established, there were but two hospitals, St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, and in 1696, the College of Physicians opened the first dispensary. By the end of the century there were seven hospitals and many dispensaries, most of them dealing with definite local areas, and providing for the visitation of the poor at their own homes. The sick poor within the city of London and seven miles around were treated gratuitously by the physicians. The house of the physician at certain hours was his out-patients' room. The hospital out-patients were comparatively few, and their admission and discharge was a more serious matter than it is at present. Thus at St. George's in 1736, 782 out-patients were returned as discharged, 40 were discharged incurable, 25 for irregularities, and 11 as improper objects. At Bartholomew's, at the commencement of the Queen's reign, the almoners used to attend every Thursday at eleven o'clock at the counting-house to discharge and receive in-patients and to admit and continue out-patients. In 1833, the out-patients at that hospital numbered 8437, the casualties 12,858. By 1835, though the out-patients were rather fewer, the casualties reached 20,542. Now at St. Bartholomew's the out-patients number 17,369, and the casualties 167,701. This increase is significant. It marks the possible culmination of

the process by which we find that while in 1884 there were at 72 hospitals 998,267 out-patients and casualty cases, in 1894 these amounted to 1,319,132. Meantime the hospitals, general and special, have risen to the number of 92, and there are about as many dispensaries. Since 1870 also a new system of Poor Law infirmaries and dispensaries has been introduced. At the former some 10,500 patients are treated daily, in addition to patients in the sick-wards of the work-houses ; and in connection with the latter about 13,000 orders are issued in the course of the year. Provident dispensaries, a creation of the earlier part of the century, have also been established to counteract in some degree the attraction of the out-patient department,—much as, *mutatis mutandis*, a workman's hall or institute is set up as a counter-attraction to the public-house.

From this statement of the development of medical relief in London two conclusions may be drawn. Laying aside all other issues, we find that the number of hospitals and dispensaries have increased apace, each under its own body of managers, a separate tower of attraction and competition, drawing out-patients from all quarters, and in all quarters competing with other medical institutions. The one exception to this tendency was the old local dispensary system, now overlaid by the out-patient departments of the hospitals and the more recently established Poor Law dispensaries. Next, the tide of out-patients and casualty cases has risen as facilities for relief have increased, as the out-patient department has taken the place of gratuitous treatment at the physician's house, and as every formality in the admission and discharge of out-patients has been set aside. Finally, the casualty is no longer of necessity a case in which

some serious accident has occurred, or in which urgency has prevented the patient from obtaining an out-patient's letter. It differs but little from the case of an out-patient who is allowed the exceptional privilege of attending at his own convenience and securing gratuitous and immediate treatment for the most trifling complaints or troubles that he has brought upon himself by his own excesses, and for the treatment of which he might with fairness be required to pay a general practitioner. The crowd of out-patients and casualty patients, it may be added, come and go to the hospitals as they will. There is seldom any register of them; there is no inquiry in regard to them; or, if there be, it is seldom other than very perfunctory. Identification of the patient, should he return to the hospital, is well-nigh impossible. The numbers are so large, that neither charity, as I have defined it, nor organisation is attempted; hardly even is it dreamed of. And, as the numbers increase, the difficulties of treatment increase till the evil becomes almost insuperable. On the one hand, the hospital authorities are disinclined to put any limitation upon the number of their claimants, and, till they do, no progress can be made; and, on the other hand, the general practitioners state, and apparently with good cause, that unless some limitation is placed upon the number, the hospitals and dispensaries will continue to be active and charity-supported competitors with themselves, drawing away from them many patients who could pay the very moderate fees they charge. Further, the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Funds, established within the last twenty-five years, have not mended matters, but have rather increased the competition.

To meet these evils a proposal has

been made, suggested first at the beginning of the century, but now formulated anew, to establish a central Hospital Board for the metropolis, on lines that shall ensure a fair representation of those most closely interested in its medical charities. This plan has received in general terms the approval of nearly a fourth of that very large constituency, the medical profession in London.

In this scheme there are three main objects: first, to promote co-operation amongst the medical charities; next, to advise medical institutions and the public in regard to questions of medical charity; and, thirdly, to assist hospitals to carry out large improvements. The means on which reliance is placed to fulfil these purposes are, first, a Representative Board, which shall have at its disposal a fund, dependent chiefly on bequests and foundation grants, and, possibly, also on grants from the City Parochial Foundation; and, next, the influence that is gained, not by a policy of interference, but by common consultation, advice, and report. Many of the evils and difficulties of our present Hospital Administration might then be met.

The advocates of this scheme agree with the administrators of the Prince of Wales's Fund that it is desirable to keep alive the voluntary system, but they are more careful to avoid interference with the ordinary income of the hospitals. They recognise also that to have the principle of representation even vaguely accepted by the Prince of Wales's Fund marks a real advance. Perhaps, as the statement of the objects of that fund are still in the plastic stage, other suggestions also may be adopted by them. In questions of this kind, in which the community are the gainers, it matters little who picks up the fruit, and if one whips the walnut-tree, another is free.

to basket the walnuts. The harvest is public.

Naturally, however, the scheme has many critics. Hospitals are governed by governors and committees of management. The medical staff, without whom the hospital of course could not exist, are a separate body, in a manner the agents and officers of the governing body. There are thus two interests concerned, which are not always consistent.

A few of the criticisms will throw light on the subject. A governor cares primarily for his own hospital. A central Board, he says, will eventually rule us. To this it is replied that the English method of fair representation is adopted, and that this affords a right to a hearing if any misunderstanding or difficulty arise, and also allows of that consultation which is, as it were, the vital element of a good, elastic, natural organisation. Next, the fund, it is said, will trench on the hospital income. In a slight degree it may; but it relies on other resources, untapped by many hospitals,—foundation grants and legacies which the donor may wish to give for the behoof of hospitals in general. Unlike the Prince of Wales's Fund, it would take no donations or subscriptions; and it would, probably, obtain help from a quarter upon which London has a special claim, but from which no help is now forthcoming,—the City Parochial Foundation. Next there is what I may call the criticism of the governor who plays the part of witch-doctor. He smells out all manner of evil in the scheme. Genially he admits the good deeds of the Society which has urged the establishment of a Central Board, but on the back of his fatal compliments he brings up black indictments, one upon another. The measure is sprung upon an unexpected public. They are being entrapped into a fatal acquiescence. The proposed grants are a disguised

bribery. Once received, the whole internal administration of the hospitals will be brought under a minutely critical and dogmatic inspectorate. It does not matter if a million or two out-patients are wandering to London hospitals and dispensaries; the more the better. The true spirit of charity is not co-operation but isolation; the true aim of individual charity is to help as many as possible scantily and insufficiently, and to take no thought of the morrow of our people. And if the witch-doctor were to have his way, no doubt the poor advocates of what they believe to be charity and a gospel of thoroughness in good-doing, would find themselves at the stake at a convenient spot in front of the Royal College of Surgeons, where the light of their *autos da fé* might fitly shine on the windows of that museum which is the monument to the thoroughness and the disinterestedness of John Hunter, in whose wise and broad spirit the heretics, no doubt, profanely think that they too have some share.

Other critics are medical. One says: "Your figures are enough for me; I don't believe them." That is a short method; but if the facts be facts, they may, poor things, be snubbed and depreciated; yet in spite of bad treatment they will continue to bear witness as other pregnant social facts are wont to do; and the short history that I have given shows that these facts have spoken with continually greater emphasis; as the hospital patients of London have increased from hundreds to thousands, and now to hundreds of thousands. Another says: "I have looked into it: all these out-patients are poor. The fine lady who leaves her carriage at the corner and attends as an out-patient is a creature of the past or else a fiction." But this admitted, are they all of one grade, these "poor"? Can you judge of

them, offhand, as if they were specimens of English butterflies pinned in a case? You ask them only what you want to know for your own purpose, and for their immediate purpose in seeing you. Would it not be well, even in the interests of medical assistance only, to know more about them in many instances, or to be aided by those who would give or obtain additional information? At home they are very different. Some, no doubt, you would wish to retain as patients on medical grounds for the purpose of treatment, teaching, or research; some, if you knew all the facts, you would leave to the Poor Law. For some you would want other help in addition to medical relief. Some, again, will require medical relief only, and should receive it because they have made some provision for themselves, or have been sent up by general practitioners for an opinion. Some you would wish to persuade to join a Friendly Society or a Provident Dispensary. And lastly, patients who suffer from some trivial complaint, and are not in the strict meaning of the term casualty cases, after examination you might send away to attend some general practitioner. This of itself would reduce the numbers very greatly. By a very simple organisation a distribution and treatment of cases on charitable lines such as these could be carried out. Yet another says: "I can send none away, even after the first treatment." But this is indeed to adopt a fatal rule. It means that in the face of the manifest evils of the out-patient departments, you will help to enlarge the stream of patients and increase the difficulties. Unless there is boldness to take this course, reform is but a talk about reform. In no other administration or business on the face of the earth would one admit all comers without question or scruple.

And suppose your hospital refuses some applicants on good grounds, there are other hospitals to which the patient can go; and if the hospitals co-operate and the patients are excluded, and rightly excluded, from them also, there remains at least the Poor Law, where surely the patient obtains medical relief under quite sufficient facilities. We ought not in charity to forget every rule of common sense. Again another says: "If I do not treat the patient he will fall into the hands of the general practitioner," and he then proceeds to quote instances of mismanagement. But after all these general practitioners are hospital-bred, and if they are so untrustworthy, is it not sad that so many who are able to pay and do pay them should be maltreated? The interests of the hospital man and the general practitioner should not surely be so divergent as this kind of criticism would seem to imply. Co-operation here, too, might do more than dissension. "Why smitest thou thy fellow?"

These are some of the criticisms; but those who believe in charity and organisation and in conference and persuasion will hardly be put off. The strongest opposition is sometimes the preliminary to a reaction. But if this be the policy that we advocate, may we hope that the Prince of Wales's Fund will promote instead of retarding it? And now we turn back to the preliminary questions.

First, is there an actual deficit of £70,000 to £102,500 a year? This deficit is calculated, we may reply, on ordinary income and expenditure. Legacies are a large item. In 1894 nine general and fifty-one special hospitals received £59,830 from this source. It is hardly right, therefore, to exclude them altogether, as has been done in the appeal which the Prince has signed. Even if there be exceptional expenditure, it cannot be

taken for granted that this has to be increased and that legacies must be reserved only to meet it. In point of fact legacies are a recognised source of income and are frequently applied to meet ordinary expenditure. In 1893 sixteen of the general hospitals, it may be mentioned, had over £1,088,725 invested. The needs of particular hospitals are considerable, but the appeal rather overstates the financial difficulties of the general position; and its urgency should not lead us to shorten the time required to establish a good system of administration before any portion of the fund is distributed.

Next, is the deficit due to want of generosity on the part of the people? In some measure, possibly, yes; but it is greatly due also to want of organisation. The present competition continually increases the difficulty. There is hence a want of assurance in the public mind as to the ultimate good of much hospital-work. The larger needs of the hospitals should be met in part by a central fund; but more money will not produce better organisation. It may have the reverse effect.

Will co-operation with the Hospital Sunday Fund lessen the difficulties of distribution? Surely not, if we may judge from the manner in which the fund has hitherto been administered. It may be said to take count of financial questions only, though it is difficult to ascertain what its precise methods are of adjudicating upon the claims of the various hospitals. It takes no count of any question of internal management. It has put a premium on competition for patients, though its aim is to give no encouragement to out-patients or otherwise. It is not representative of the interests most closely concerned in the administration of the medical charities of the metropolis.

Will the Prince of Wales's Fund

interfere with other funds, such as the Hospital Saturday and Hospital Sunday Funds and the collections of hospitals? It is unwise to prophesy, but it is very likely that it will. Had the money been raised once and for all for the creation of a large foundation to be applied chiefly for such purposes as are above suggested, this would have been avoided; but now that general donations are received, and the collection is to be carried on from year to year as a kind of supplementary Hospital Sunday Fund, there is little doubt that, if it succeed, it will have this result. Would it not be better to create one large foundation out of the contributions received by a certain date, and not to try to obtain additional subscriptions afterwards? What financially is wanted is a central foundation, the income of which may be available for the assistance of hospitals.

Lastly, why only after the first year is the possibility of some representation of the hospitals suggested? Such a representation is essential to any just and acceptable administration. The larger the stake at the central office of the fund, the greater is the need of it. It would be a splendid outcome of the Prince of Wales's appeal if this question were faced boldly and at once by the administrators of his fund. The history of the growth of medical relief in London proves the utility of it. The largeness of the representative body need cause no alarm. People are not all unreasonable. Good chairmanship and consideration can do much, and, after all, much of the most difficult and important work must be carried on in committee. We English are not such infants in local government that we should fear the introduction of a modified and carefully devised form of it into the general administration of groups of our charities. Out-patient

and other reforms can only be effected as discussion and persuasion clear the way for them.

The Prince of Wales has made a far-reaching appeal. It is for contributions in aid of metropolitan hospitals. We have shown that contributions are very far from being all that hospitals want. Charity is not relief, and relief, applied in a spirit or with an intelligence short of that which is truly charitable, may produce, not the well-being of our people, but their degradation. May we not, therefore, make an appeal to the citizens of London that is the necessary supplement to the establishment of any gigantic memorial fund? May we not appeal to them to use that charity, and adopt those methods by which alone the fund will prove beneficial? We are thankful for peace, security, and a free government. In that spirit of thankfulness we erect our monu-

ments in this sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. Surely the plain and manifest monument of Englishmen, all the world over, is their local co-operative government and their personal self-government. Can we not appeal, therefore, to the governors and committees of hospitals, and to medical men throughout the metropolis, to set up what would accord truly with these instincts of our race,—a Representative Central Board for purposes of friendly co-operation and common help in our medical charities? And in all charity may we not ask them to set aside whatever personal or institutional prejudices may now hamper them? The task is difficult, but it is not by any means insuperable. And what more fitting memorial of our Queen and the long years of her reign could there be than its completion, or even its inauguration?

C. S. LOCH.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNALS OF A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

[EDWARD LEAR—the E. L., whose travels in Greece, illustrated by his exquisite drawings, drew from Tennyson the tribute of a short but charming poem, the author of *JOURNALS OF A LANDSCAPE PAINTER* in Albania, Calabria, and Corsica (to mention only the volumes published under that title), the more universally famous composer of the incomparable *BOOK OF NONSENSE*,—travelled through Syria and Palestine in the spring of 1858, and in pursuance of a long-cherished wish arranged a visit to Petra, the unique rock-city of Edom.

Lear had many gifts of genius, and among them the gift of taking infinite pains. He had an insatiable love of travel, but always with an object clearly kept before him, and an equally insatiable power of work. Before visiting any country (and he visited many, winding up with a tour over a large portion of the Indian empire when he was over sixty) he studied every book he could lay hands on that would give him the best information as to its physical characteristics and its history; and he appreciated instinctively the truth and accuracy of travellers' descriptions. His habit of accumulating a store of knowledge before setting out made him a valuable and delightful fellow-traveller to those whose tastes and objects were to any degree in unison with his own. He knew what he wanted, and followed it up with energetic determination. My intimate friendship with him of many years began in a two months' journey of riding and sketching through the wildest and loveliest corners of Greece; and from that time, until his health broke down in old age at Sanremo, I do not think he ever wittingly or willingly wasted an hour. Yet his indefatigable devotion to his work in no way interfered with the volatile fun which in his youth was always ready to bubble over. The *BOOK OF NONSENSE* is the offspring of an always fresh and fertile humour. I remember one night in Greece when, after scrambling for fifteen hours on horseback over the roughest mountain paths, we had dismounted and were waiting in black darkness for our guide to find among a few huts a tolerably weather-

tight shelter for us to sleep in, Lear, who was thoroughly tired, sat down upon what he supposed to be a bank; but an instant grunt and heave convinced him of error as a dark bovine quadruped suddenly rose up under him and tilted him into the mud. As Lear regained his feet he cheerily burst into song:

There was an old man who said, "Now
I'll sit down on the horns of that cow!"

I am not sure whether the stanza was ever finished and illustrated for any of his *NONSENSE* volumes.

Lear always called himself a topographical artist; and the phrase was neither an affectation of false modesty nor in any sense untrue. Nothing could have induced him to give to his landscapes any effect of form, colour, light, shade, or other detail which did not actually belong to the scenery of the particular region. The lines of hill and mountain, the depths of valley, the breadth of plain, the character of foreground, were reproduced with stern exactness in his vigorous and delicate drawing. Sir Roderick Murchison used to say that Lear's sketches always told him the geology of the country, though Lear made no pretensions to geological knowledge. Yet his sketches were not mere photographs. They were full of the intuitively true imagination of an artist who had studied the features of the land till he knew them by heart,

As when a painter, poring o'er a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the
man
Behind it—

and if some of his largest oil-paintings may be thought crude or deficient in technique he had a perfectly true sense of colour and atmosphere as dependent on climate or geographical position.

On his journeys he drew sometimes in colour, but mainly in pencil; making notes as he drew, frequently on the surface of the sketch itself, and always in the carefully kept notebooks which formed the foundation of his journals. After each tour he would shut himself up for

months, while the impressions were still strong and clear, with the sketches he had gathered together, translating the volatile beauty of pencilled lines into a more stable medium, with the patient delicacy of treatment and handling of a skilful etcher.

I have attempted to specify the character of Lear's methods in art to show the readers of this leaf from his unpublished journals the intrinsic value of his constant descriptions of the landscape, which in an ordinary traveller might be taken as vague rhetorical word-painting. They deserve full acceptance as true notes of the vivid impressions conveyed to the sense of the painter during his study of the scenery. He afterwards painted one large picture in oils of the eastern cliff of Petra; a picture full of the strange interest and wild beauty so well shadowed forth in his journal. It was bought by the late Sir Thomas Fairbairn, after whose death it again came into the market, and was recently purchased by a near relative of Lear's own, Mr. Charles Gillies, of Auckland, New Zealand.

Lear was accompanied on his journey to Petra by the faithful Suliot servant, Giorgio Cocali, who had attached himself to his master's fortunes while Lear was residing in Corfu, and had already roamed with him over the wilds of Albania and to the monasteries of Mount Athos. His dragoman was an Egyptian Copt from Assiout, picked up at Jerusalem on the strength of the usual testimonials, including those of four previous visits to Petra; his most prominent qualification as a dragoman, to judge from Lear's story, appears to have been an incapacity to express his meaning in any but the most imperfect and perverted English. The arrangements for safe escort were made at Hebron (the nearest point of contact with settled life) with the Sheikh of the Jehaleen tribe of Bedaween Arabs, who was supposed competent to make a binding compact on the great subject of *baksheesh* with the Sheikh of the Haweitât as the paramount authority in the regions round about Petra. How totally these arrangements failed to secure freedom from discomfort and peril is best told in Lear's own words.—F.L.]

Hebron Quarantine Building, April 7th, 1858.—In came my dragoman Abdel with various Arabs, and lastly no less a person than the Sheikh of the Jehaleen himself, no other than Abou

Daouk or Defr Alla, the guide to Petra of Robinson in 1838, and later of De Sauley. A child might have read the old Arab's face, which was expressive of an amount of cunning and avarice hardly to be exceeded in one man's countenance. Abdel says, beamingly, that he has made a compact with the Sheikh that I shall go with an escort of fifteen to Petra, to remain there a week, and to return by the Dead Sea, where I am to remain four days between Es Zuweirah and Ain Gedi, for the sum of £30, which is to include the expense of camels and all etcetera.

This arrangement will give me ample time for what I wish to draw; but it is more expensive than I like, and it may be in practice far less agreeable than in theory, seeing that the trustworthiness of the Jehaleen has to be proved. Yet it suits me better to close than to remain in Hebron bargaining for better terms, or to return to Jerusalem and give up once more the chance of seeing Wady Mousa. So I agree to the plan, and half the money is as usual to be paid beforehand. I am to sleep to-morrow some distance beyond Kurnel,—the Carmel of David and Abigail. The last event of the day was the frustrated attempt at embezzlement of my pen-knife by the scribe who was writing out the contract for the journey. The prolonged night was characterised by the crying of jackals round that dreary quarantine abode. On the previous night a particularly vigorous owl had frequented the building and practised hooting through a hole in the wall.

April 8th.—Bright sunrise. Hebron, seen through thin mist mingled with its gray and white limestone rocks and houses, seems to me vastly like any old Italian mountain town in early morning. One more small sketch of David's pool,—running the gauntlet for the

last time of the orthodox Hebronite missiles and curses; and at nine a.m. we leave the town, preceded by the great Abou Daouk on a gray mare. I am not sorry to lose sight of the green cemetery-vale, with its olives and gray rocks and its innumerable asses, feeling that I have seen and drawn enough of Hebron for a lifetime.

Gravelly and rocky paths led away southward from the town, over long lines of undulating stony hills, not unlike the Murgie of Apulia, only more interesting from the presence of shrubs, and occasional bluer bits of distance, or near at hand patches and strips of green corn, enclosed by hollows with shallow sloping sides that sometimes stretch out into rolling waves of remoter hill-outlines. About ten we passed a well, and first began to see the hills of eastern Moab, pure and beautiful in colour and simple in form; and about an hour later we reached Kurnel, a heap of ruin on one of the most elevated parts of this high and wide-spreading hill-country. The Herodian tower, the reservoir, the theatre, among whose ruins friendly white storks were strutting, and the scattered ruins of a town, are all witnesses to past days. Nabal and Abigail, Saul and Agag, Herod, Saladin, seemed to form portions of the scene as I halted here and passed an hour or two in drawing the ruins, in themselves worth attention for their picturesqueness and position. The grand remains of the solid tower with its sloping outer masonry stood clear off the bright blue sky, the ground near it covered with thousands of cut gray stones, grass-grown or with tufts of cistus and blooming anemones between them. Beyond the middle distance of lilac-green the one line of Moab is drawn quite across the eastern horizon.

At noon we proceed, changing our

course to eastward. After the walls and terraces of ruined Kurnel are left behind, the pathway and the land around grow barer and more rocky, the undulations deeper and more compressed, the strips of green corn fewer and scantier, and more closely hemmed in by rocks and low cliffs. At one we halt to water the horses at a spring where reeds and water-weeds grow luxuriantly; and there and afterwards we fall in with parties of mounted Arabs, attired according to the true Horace Vernet type, who all salute our Sheikh minutely, but in their own persons are not calculated to attract confidence or win attachment. The path descends into still narrower valleys, always winding and deepening; the spots of corn cease entirely, and now and then the way leads through rocky passes, lonely and shut out from the outer world by their sinuous curvings. By and by the covering of the soil again becomes greener, and about two p.m. camels are seen grazing on the brow of the opposite slope to which Abou Daouk points mysteriously and says "*Gemelak* (your camels)." Presently we arrived at the spot where we were to halt for the night, and the tents were pitched. In the absence of Arab society nothing can be more peaceful and quiet than this green valley with its low hills, dotted with cows and a few camels. The head camp of the Jehaleen is somewhere very near, but the prudent Abou Daouk, aware of the small sympathy between Arabs and Howadjis, has avoided the immediate vicinity of his subjects and relatives. From the highest of the hills above the vale only the upper part of the Moab mountains can be seen, and the little secluded landscape depends on itself alone for interest. This, methinks, as the evening draws on after dinner and pipe, and I sit in the perfect stillness, while the stars begin to shine

brightly,—this is the pleasant side of tent life,—the more agreeable when most remote from the inhabitants of these lands. Long after the tent was closed for the night, old Abou Daouk returned from dining out, and an hour of discussion and noise of quarrelling ensued, such as only angry Arabs can produce, and mostly resembling the united gobbling of a thousand exasperated turkey-cocks.

April 9th.—We are all moving long before daybreak. Myriads of gay little grasshoppers jump up like spray from the grass at each footfall as I walk. The camels appear good, a matter of great import for such a journey. Mine is a very handsome and young one, and behaves himself tranquilly. Giorgio's looks as if he had been boiled or shaved, but is spare and active. Then there is a huge white Hubblebubble who is evidently a *pièce de résistance* for all the goods the others decline to carry; one for Abdel, one for the Sheikh Salah, the chief guide (who is called the brother of Abou Daouk), and one more for luggage, complete the tale of six. But this last individual turns out to be a violent party, and refuses to be loaded, particularly opposing all attempts to make him carry the cage of poultry, as an uncamellike and undignified burden. Altogether the din of snarling, growling, screaming, and guggling was considerable; and the lean Jehaleen attendants, of whom there are fifteen, seem a very filthy and incapable lot by way of escort. But it is useless to complain; the Petra journey is to be made now, so be it made as best it may.

At length we started. A walk over the South Downs from Lewes to Brighton would give a fairly correct idea of the general forms of the rolling hill scenery intersected with smooth dales, through which we passed; but here there is much more rock and much less verdure, though certain portions

of the land are pretty profusely tufted with herbs. I always hate camel-riding, and walked on for more than an hour, finding a constant pleasure in the exquisite carpets of lilac hepatica and pale asphodel spread over the most level ground, and the knots of sage, broom, and other shrubs which vary the hillsides. In some of the hollow theatre-like depressions were small parties of white storks walking among corn or beans after their steady business-like fashion; and in one spot we passed three or four capitals of columns and some cut stones, relics of some ancient site which I had no means of identifying, since I was very uncertain as to our exact position. I observed from time to time that my escort fell off in numbers; but on remarking this, the old Sheikh Salah said that the men who had left me were to join again this evening beyond the camp of the Haweitât Arabs: an assertion I did not believe a bit.

The pleasant progress of the morning was frequently delayed by the wicked camel utterly refusing to go on; for whenever one of the cocks in the cage, from a cheerful sympathy with nature in general, or a wish to make an audible comment on his own particular elevation, gave way to crowing,—that moment the huge beast abandoned himself to extreme spasms of terror, shaking, screaming, and kicking till all the *roba*, including the guilty fowls, was on the ground. A long cord, passed through the handles of boxes and round baskets, prevented the complete separation of the baggage, and the vexed Ship of the Desert could not disengage himself from his miseries, but dashed hither and thither with a long chain of goods; a curious performance to see, but not altogether conducive to the safety of the articles in motion. After this had occurred three times,

the awkward Jehaleen wasting much time in the reloading, the cheerful fowls were transferred to the huge Hubblebubble, whose gravity all the crowing in the world hardly seems likely to move.

We gradually leave the narrow valleys for a more open country, an expanse of downs and of lilac distance widening out beyond the nearer tufted slopes, often reminding one of Sicily and the Roman Campagna. Hereabouts was the end of all corn and beans, and the shallow depressions, or wadys, were filled up with pale blue flowers looking at a little distance like water. As we leave Tel-el-*Arad* on the right, and shape our course more to the south-west, the scene gradually widens into a most beautiful pale green plain with low lilac hills beyond. Innumerable dots of herbage mark the near foreground, while in the middle distance *Abdel* points out the black tents of an encampment of the *Haweitât* Arabs, one of whom is to go with us to *Petra*, the permanent resort of the tribe who are now here for camel pasturage. The plain was covered as far as eye could reach with thousands of camels of all ages; some, only a few days old and milk-white, looked like groups of swans as they lay on the ground curving their long necks. For nearly an hour we continued to go through this immense assemblage of camels, than which a more striking pastoral scene can hardly be imagined; and after the cessation of cameldom, sheep, goats, asses, and horses took their place. By the time the settlement was left behind, all life and green colour had vanished, superseded by the sterile sand and rock of the desert. Meanwhile a black slave of the *Haweitât*, *Feragh* by name, joined our party, being accredited from his *Sheikh*, and from the *Sheikh* of the *Jehaleen*, as guide in chief to the

wonderful valley of *Petra*. *Feragh's* face was ugly in a severe degree, but expressed an amount of intelligence and honesty which the Arab physiognomies sadly lacked. In person he was spare, nor was his alertness encumbered by overdress, a plain white shirt and a red handkerchief being all his wardrobe. As for *Abou Daouk*, that great man had wholly disappeared, the old *Salah*, with four lean and awkward satellites, being all that remained of the large escort said to have been so requisite for the journey. About noon, after two more universal luggage-tumbles brought about by the wicked camel, and long violent disputes on the part of the *Jehaleen*, the way entered a close and dreary wady (*El Ghaine*?) whose high, bare walls and stony paths were neither picturesque to see nor pleasant to walk in, but they led on to a point overlooking deep hollow gulfs where a kind of terrible and grand mystery compensated for previous dullness: huge, tawny hills rose beyond, and the long line of the *Sufaa* Pass, to be accomplished on the morrow; a slip of pale yellow sand and the tops of the *Moab* or *Edom* range closed the scene.

The descent from this height was very stony and wearying; and it is wonderful to see how the huge camels go perseveringly on, never making a false step among such crevices and crags. By two we were on a lower level, though several ranges of bare sandy hill and uninteresting wady were yet to be surmounted and crossed before we reached, at four, the spot selected for our encampment in a sheltered hollow, whence only a portion of the highest part of *Moab* could be seen, and where tufts of broom and *tarfa* employ the freed camels near at hand. While evening tent-life proceeds, old *Salah* sits on the ground diligently eating

the small snails which everywhere congregate on the little tufts of herbage, and every now and then makes abundant little obeisances as tokens of satisfaction with my Howadjiship. The fires are lit, dinner and pipes discussed, firearms discharged to warn possible robbers. Starlight; and the vast desert silence.

April 10th.—What a strange calm world was the tawny hollow glen landscape, dusky-tufted and be-camelled with ghostly wanderers, before the sunlight came gloriously bursting over the dark sapphire heights of Moab! By sunrise all over that world is astir, and thanks to all-powerful quinine the Howadji can look forward to a good day's journey. At six-fifteen we start, an early move displeasing to the wicked camel, who said in his heart, "Hang this! I'll stop their journey!" and forthwith beginning to dance and kick, all the baggage rolled away, and twenty minutes were used in replacing it. From the nature of the ground to be passed to-day, there will be plenty of walking up and down the Sufâa pass; so when at length we are fairly off, I resolve to sit quietly as long as possible, the rather that a good level pathway leads over a flat sandy tract, here and there decked with shrubs, and ever and anon with delicious little garden-like patches of scarlet poppies or anemones, marigolds and hepaticas. As the plain, or wady, narrows, we pass by a stony ascent into a rockier and less pleasant part of these solitudes, thence into a broad wady, ever rising and widening, while the hills at its sides sink lower, and the path still slowly ascends. The old Sheikh Salah, clad in a single linen garment resembling that which painters allot to the infant Samuel, and giving him the appearance of a white sack of flour, sleeps as he adheres to the inferior end of his camel, who howls and shrieks at inter-

vals, as is the wont of some of these beasts. "In the Arab when his camel not making the noise he is never liking him of a beast," says the dragoon Abdel apologetically. As the heat increases with the advancing day I have to struggle hard against the irritation which riding these animals always brings me, none the less that just hereabouts they are greatly pestered with flies on their heads, as a relief from which they turn their necks quickly to bump and rub their noses on their riders' boots.

We now reach an isolated and not very respectable-looking group of Haweitât Arabs, consisting of a semi-nude lady and two quite nude youngsters, with some glossy jet-black goats and kids. Some milk is purchased, but, not having a cleanly hue, is not particularly relished by the Howadji and his Suliot follower. From this little hill-enclosed plain we reach another, ever ascending towards the crest of hills called Nukb-es-Sufâa, over the ridge of which our way lies, accomplishing the thinly shrub-spotted sandy undulations by slow degrees. Looking back towards Hebron we are now so high as to be able to see the long plain and mountains drawn out westward in rosy and opal lines, beautifully remote.

A steep descent, down which I walk, leads to a narrow wady, immediately below the last and highest portion of the Sufâa ridge; and this crossed, we begin the ascent, winding slowly and in silence along the narrow paths which for long ages have been the tracks by which this part of the desert is passed. A portion of the view towards the east now suddenly bursts upon the eye,—a pale, strange world of sand and rock, plain and hilly undulations; the broad, faint-hued Arabeh beyond, with the clear ultra-marine Moab mountains and what seems a portion of the south

end of the Dead Sea to the left. To this glimpse succeeded an hour and a half of threading very hot, close-walled gorges in the mountain at the top of the Sufâa pass, which at two p.m. brought us to the full view of the whole eastern prospect,—a view most marvellous and not to be easily forgotten. Just before we reached this particular spot, the camels had been unluckily sent round to descend the pass by an easier route than the steep footpath, so that, as I had left my book on my own beast, I was without materials; otherwise the eastern summit of Nukb-es-Sufâa would have tempted me to try a large sketch of it. And yet, though I resolved to remember this lesson of the inconvenience of parting with my tools, I half rejoiced that I was unable to commence the task of portraying a scene the chief attributes of which were its astonishing beauty of colour and its infinite detail of forms and masses of rock and sand. I lingered long on this point (old Salah making use of the halt to eat a large luncheon of snails), and it seemed impossible that one could ever weary of contemplating so strange a glory and beauty as that outspread desert and mountain horizon presented. Even the usually silent Suliot said: "They do well to come to such places who can; no one could believe in such a beautiful world as this unless he saw it!" The whole tract of plain below the Edom mountains is apparently a broad level, of the loveliest lemon-coloured, rosy pink, and pearly-white delicate hues. Mount Hor, and the hollow lotus-land of Petra, seen from hence, seem almost to blend and melt into the southern sky; while the nearer portion of the Arabah and all around to the Wady Fikkreh immediately below the height we stood on, is fretted and wrinkled and slashed into miraculously twisted and barred cuts and hollows of brown, orange,

chocolate, or snuff-coloured tints. Quite beneath my feet are inconceivable grim chasms, along the downward stretching edges of which my diminished camels creep like flies. I made the descent of the pass or steep eastern side of the mountain on foot, the only pleasant method of reaching the bottom; for although the descent does not appear very formidable, it really is so, since the path leads over vast, slippery, inclined slabs of limestone, often entirely smooth and bare, and affording an insecure foothold for laden beasts. But what a scene of stoniness and cragginess,—points and chasms,—black grimness, exquisite colours, and strange, wild forms! What strata of giant boulders and rock-forms below! What tawny vastness of lion-coated ridges above! all lit up with the golden light of the afternoon sun,—a splendour of wonder,—a bewildering, dream-like, unfinished world,—bare, terrible, stupendous, strange, and beautiful!

In the downward passage one or two of the camels nearly came to misfortune, the careless childish Arabs taking no heed of the poor animals who sometimes would miss the corner turns of the sharp zigzag paths leading down the mountain side, and so found themselves thrown out among large rocks or close to the edge of a precipitous gulf. On these occasions the helpless expression in the face of the Desert-Ship who loses his way is strongly and ludicrously marked. Apparently too proud to appeal for help, he persists in holding up his head majestically and in floundering on further from the right road, if not led back to it by his nomad masters.

By three-thirty we were at the bottom of the Nukb-es-Safâa, and in another half-hour reached the flat Wady Fikkreh, where we pitched in one of those quiet nooks which seem a kind of Paradise to the traveller, who

places his home for the night below the shelter of smooth sandy heights and on level shrub-spotted gravel. Once more the tents rise; the camels wander forth, and the evening life begins.

"Even I regain my freedom with a sigh," saith the little hen, cooped up all day and shaken to and fro on Hubblebubble's hump, and only set at liberty to find herself in a world containing nothing but stone and sand,—whence not ungladly she returns to her prison-house as the least evil. Early supper and bed, for I wish to draw Madurah at sunrise to-morrow. And again the desert silence! though here broken by the whirr of little grasshoppers among the shrubs,—a sound recalling Bagaladi and summer Calabrian nights.

April 11th.—Before sunrise a brown or moist sugar hue and texture prevail down in this deep sandy vale, which I leave as soon as possible after the tents are packed with Abdel and black Feragh, to get an early drawing of Madurah, which Ebony, who knows all about the short cuts in these parts, ensures me by going straight to a height where from the edge of a cliff you see the strange flat hill far away below. A vast pale yellow solitude at this hour of sloping sunbeams stretches to the foot of the faint blue artificial-seeming rock, itself backed by still fainter lines of more remote desert-distance. Then we rejoin the respectable and unimpulsive Desert-Ships about six-thirty, they having gone on by the direct path for Petra from our encampment.

Would the Jehaleen were as little given to impulse as the brutes they own! but Giorgio tells me that there has been a fearful row between Hassaneyn and old Sheikh Salah, the dispute having arisen about the loading of the camel belonging to the former, whose sulky looks denote great

dissatisfaction with his leader and life in general. Meanwhile we go (I wish I could say quietly) over the desert tract leading down very gradually to the great Wady Arabeh; but such is the constant shrieking and gobbling of the enraged Arabs that I put a great amount of cotton in my ears in order to enjoy the charm of the scenery. Ever the beauty of the landscape increases as we come nearer to the Edom range of mountains, and at each step the position of Wady Mousa and the lofty Mount Hor becomes more distinct. The foreground too is lovely from its forms of rock and slopes of sand, and its plentiful spots of nubk or sont trees growing in every slight depression; but though I often wish to draw, I pass onward without lingering, since Petra is before me.

We are nearly in the Arabeh, and the view, northward towards the Wady Jeeb and the Dead Sea, and southward beyond Mount Hor, is in the last degree exquisite. We pass heaps of stones, but Abdel's account of them is beyond my power of understanding. The first gazelle seen starts off so close that I can see his horns with a glass; he bounds and leaps like india-rubber, and glides across a ravine and along the edges of its iron rocks like light. We are now fairly down in the shelving plain or wady of the Arabeh, and the ever-searching and mysterious Feragh announces the proximity of water, but adds that it is salt. This man's ways are wondrous, and betoken a different nature from that of the Arabs. He runs up every small height, peering about from all elevated places, examining all that can be seen and alive to every sound; attending to the camels, and frequently coming to me to point out this or that place, always strictly in accord with the descriptions of Robinson, the Leake of Palestine: and he is not a

little puzzled at my knowledge beforehand of the direction of wadys and the names of hills. Nor is he with all his activity ever noisy; a pleasing contrast to the Jehaleen, who are utterly careless and stupid savages, incessantly howling and shouting and gobbling fit to distract one.

At noon we reach El-Weibeh, well described by Robinson as a line of dense reeds and tarfa bushes. Out of it at our approach flew a large eagle. The water, so to speak, existed in two pits or wells (at least I saw no more), round, and resembling tubs,—the liquid therein being a mixture of sand, water, a little salt, and a plentiful abundance of leeches, on observing which I gave orders that the tin by which the *zemzemiyah* was to be filled should be well looked to before its contents were added to the existing supply of liquid supposed to be drinkable. This oasis, though long talked of before we reached it, gave me no pleasant memories on quitting it. For first the Arabs let my own particular camel roll on the sand on my looking off for a moment while the watchful Suliot was seizing on the leeches and Abdel was employed with a fresh burst of Jehaleen temper, thereby crushing and damaging some of my small travelling comforts; and secondly, the feud between old Salah, called the Infant Samuel, and Hassaneyn the Grumpy, broke out with fresh fury, till there really seemed small chance of getting to Petra after all, since neither of the disputants would give up his camel for the additional burden of water to be carried hence. It seemed doubtful for a time if the youthful strength of the one or the bulk and moral position of the other would conquer; but after amazing abuse the first blows were followed by a general interference and holding back of the angry parties by Abdel and the rest,

and finally the contested waterskin was piled on the camel of Hassaneyn. We then started, Grumpy walking entirely apart and looking dangerous; his whole face was of that livid pale hue which a brown man in a great rage is apt to exhibit; his eyes flashed out fire, and he did not seem inclined to forget the bad names old Salah had called him. As we were progressing towards Mount Hor over a gravelly tract dotted at intervals with shrubs, a little gazelle started up and ran off, three of the Arabs and black Feragh following it with speed unencumbered by much dress. After twenty minutes the Ishmaelites gave in, but Ebony still held on, and in twenty-five minutes from the first start had tired down the beautiful little creature, which he brought triumphantly to me, when Giorgio took charge of it. That evening, however, was the last of its life, for without food it soon drooped; and knowing it must have died if left at large, we gave up Giorgio's idea of taking it back to Corfu. I unwillingly gave orders for its flesh to be turned into meat, and its four slender legs into handles for paper-cutters.

Shortly after this, as we were quietly proceeding, headed by the Infant Samuel in all security, that dignitary giving way from time to time to violent and angry soliloquies, some one remarked that Grumpy had disappeared. Suddenly he stole as quick as lightning from behind some rocks, where he must have hidden himself while we were occupied with the destinies of the gazelle, and rushed on behind the old Sheikh with his gun levelled at that venerable person's head. At the very same moment two of the other Arabs threw themselves from their camels, and only just in time reached Grumpy so as to knock up the muzzle of his gun as it went off, the charge happily missing

the old gentleman. The Sheikh whirled himself off his camel tempestuously, and fell upon the un-revenged Grumpy now in the hands of my astonished and scandalised suite, part of which had also the task of holding back the sandy and simple-vested ruler, whose indignation was not unnaturally extreme. The row was immense, and old Salah could only be pacified by Hassaneyn's being totally disarmed. That inconsiderate and violent youth retired to a great distance, vowing all kinds of vengeance for the insults received, and for the appropriation of his camel, and declaring that he would return to the Jehaleen camp, which Abdel desired him to do. But this incident greatly disturbed the general serenity of the afternoon's progress, since the old Sheikh declared that the attempt was endorsed by the whole party, who, he said, knew well that Hassaneyn intended to kill him. The intolerable continuance of threats and appeals was most worrying

My neighbours with strife
Embitter my life,

as the song says; and in sand, anger, and weariness, we plodded on, though I longed to stop and draw Mount Hor, the outline of which was becoming wonderfully fine, and the crenellations of the low sand-hills around its base beautifully intricate. But there was no good place for encampment, because (so the Arabs declared) there was nothing to eat for the camels: and thus we went on and on till nearly six o'clock, when we pitched the tents after one and a half hour of camelism and botheration. A strange scene! the sinking sun turned all Mount Hor and the ridge of which it is the highest jagged mass into absolute crimson and orange light: below the rugged peaks and sheer rosy precipices the wrinkled forms of sand-

hill were wrought out into a fretwork of pure gold; while dark purple shadows stole momentarily like giant streams of some solemn overflowing river among the undulations of the Wady, rising higher and higher, till the near foreground and lower part of the mountain were alike of one uniform cloud-like pallor, and at last the highest points of Mount Hor shone out like pillars of topaz and garnet above the shadowy desert and against the deepening sky.

But there was to be no peace to-day. Suddenly an alarm of "*Dytchmaan* (enemies) Arab!" arose,—these people always speak of "Arabs, Arabs," as if they themselves were not the very same as those they talk so much of!—and there was a general rush to guns and pistols. The objects in question, however, kept going to a greater distance from us, and probably had decided not to approach when we fired off our arms on arriving at the place where we encamped. Feverish and weary, I was glad of a basin of soup and to get to bed as soon as possible; now regretting the loss of time and money on what appeared a journey in which so little opportunity of work occurred, and again hopeful to reach Petra the day after the morrow.

April 12th.—Off by six; the wicked camel and his appointed luggage happily not separating more than twice. Grumpy and the Infant Samuel had a formal reconciliation before starting; as Abdel said, "He was make him all squar from the Arab in his quarrel of the bad,"—very queer people are these!

In many parts of the morning's progress, which led us directly southward up the Wady Arabeh, the views were delightful: Mount Hor and the range of Edom all ashy-powdery-pigeony purple, and the foreground of sand in shade (the sun not having as yet risen

above the eastern heights) covered with numberless fluffy tufts of gray-green tarfa. But I found by-and-by that we were not to ascend to Petra by what seemed the legitimate or northern approach, but were to wind around and up the mountain to the southward; and thus four long hours of very gradual ascent only brought us to a turn in the wady towards the east, where, turning away from the low hills which spurlike strike into the plain, we left the great Wady Arabeh, and at ten-thirty struck into what I suppose is Wady-el-Abiad,—at least, it is white enough to merit that title. This winding pass reminded me of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, so chalky-white, so narrow, and so hot. Turn after turn brought no relief or change to the huge walls of brilliant white and yellow rock, enclosing me as I toiled upwards on the see-saw camel over a floor of the same hue, and reflecting a heat that, had one been a large egg, would have caused spontaneous hatching. About one p.m. we arrived at a hollow tufted wady below the great rocks of Mount Hor, which in strange wild craggy forms towered against the sky. Hereabouts water was reputed to be, though after a long search in all probable places none was found. To go quite up the mountain and into Wady Mousa was decreed by Abdel and the old Sheikh to be too far for the day's work; but there was no medium. The night's halt must be either there or here: so it was arranged that we should wait till Feragh and Abou Gedagh returned from a more remote spot to which they were sent in the last hope of finding water; and that if their endeavours were fruitless, we must needs go on to Petra. It was rather anxious waiting till four o'clock, when the voice of my unamiable camel-keeper was heard for the first and only

time with any pleasure, and a long, long way down the mountain, the speck of a camel was descried gradually coming nearer. Gladly we hailed his long neck as he stepped up the rocks with a large skinful of the desired element; and though, not unlike gruel or barley-water in appearance, it was most welcome, and contained no leeches. We were here then for the night; the immense flat desert unrolled from the foot of the mountain westward, pale lilac fading into the sky, and hard it would be to say if it were sea or earth, if one did not know its nature. Towards sunset there arose a thick scirocco-like vapour which blotted out all the lower world, and the Arabs said it rained at Hebron and Jerusalem, though with us, at the wild base of Mount Hor, all was bright and clear with a starry sky above and the dead stillness of solemn night around.

April 13th.—Clear pale sky before sunrise, with long rosy clouds floating pennon-like round the harsh jagged outline of Hor. A particularly early start was ordered, that the mountain might be ascended before the hotter part of the day; but this precautionary measure was, to say the least, modified by the wicked camel's twisting himself viciously against the first rocks he encountered, and shooting all the luggage into a deep hole below. "I am quite sick of camels," says the traveller in the East. So I walked onwards and upwards for four hours, glad to be away from the wearisome janglings and yells of my unpleasant suite, and longing with increasing impatience for the first glimpse of Petra's wonders. Every step opened out fresh interest and beauty in the wild scenery; immense chasms and vast views over strange boundless desert unfolded themselves at each turn of the winding path up the steep mountain; and at one spot the intensity of giant-crag solitude,

deepest rifts and high pinnacles of naked rock, was more wondrous than anything I have ever seen except the sublimity of Gebel Musa and Sinai. About nine we reached the highest part of the mountain ascent, and passing the ridge immediately below the rocks of Gebel Haroun (Aaron's mountain), now upon our left, entered the first or upper part of Wady Mousa on its western side. But it was nearly another hour before, still descending by winding tracks, we reached the first cavern tombs and the first coloured rocks. The slow advance chills with a feeling of strange solitude the intruder into the loneliness of this bygone world, where on every side are tokens of older greatness, and where between *then* and *now* is no link. As the path wandered among huge crags and over broad slabs of rock, ever becoming more striped and glowing in colour, I was more and more excited with curiosity and expectation. And after passing the solitary column which stands sentinel-like over the heaps of ruin around, and reaching the open space whence the whole area of the old city and the vast eastern cliff are fully seen, I own to having been more delighted and astonished than I had ever been by any spectacle. Not that at the first glance the extent and magnificence of this enchanted valley can be appreciated: this its surprising brilliancy and variety of colour, and its incredible amount of detail, forbid. But after a while, when the eyes have taken in the undulating slopes terraced and cut and covered with immense foundations and innumerable stones, ruined temples, broken pillars and capitals, and the lengthened masses of masonry on each side of the river that runs from east to west through the whole wady, down to the very edge of the water,—and when the

sight has rested on the towering western cliffs below Mount Hor, crowded with perforated tombs, and on the astonishing array of wonders carved in the opposite face of the great eastern cliff,—then the impression that both pen and pencil in travellers' hands have fallen infinitely short of a true portrait of Petra deepens into certainty. Nor is this the fault of either artist or author. The attraction arising from the singular mixture of architectural labour with the wildest extravagances of nature,—the excessive and almost terrible feeling of loneliness in the very midst of scenes so plainly telling of a past glory and a race of days long gone,—the vivid contrast of the countless fragments of ruin, basement, foundation, wall, and scattered stone, with the bright green of the vegetation, and the rainbow hues of rock and cliff,—the dark openings of the hollow tombs on every side,—the white river bed and its clear stream, edged with superb scarlet-tufted blossom of oleander alternating with groups of white-flowered bloom,—all these combine to form a magical condensation of beauty and wonder which the ablest pen or pencil has no chance of conveying to the eye or mind. Even if all the myriad details of loveliness in colour, and all the visible witchery of wild nature and human toil could be rendered exactly, who could reproduce the dead silence and strange feeling of solitude which are among the chief characteristics of this enchanted region? What art could give the star-bright flitting of the wild dove and rock-partridge through the oleander-gloom, or the sound of the clear river rushing among the ruins of the fallen city? Petra must remain a wonder which can only be understood by visiting the place itself, and memory is the only mirror in which its whole resemblance can

faithfully live. I felt, "I have found a new world—but my art is helpless to recall it to others, or to represent it to those who have never seen it." Yet, as the enthusiastic foreigner said to the angry huntsman who asked if he meant to catch the fox,—I will try.

Two small boys tending some ten or twelve goats had been descried far on in the valley as we came down into it; but these brown-striped-vested youths did not await our arrival, and were no more seen. My tents were pitched low down on one of the terraces near the river, about half-way between the east and west cliffs. Taking with me Giorgio and the black Feragh (that jewel among swine) I wandered on eastward through the valley, of which the spaciousness seemed to me more impressive at each step, and the mighty accumulation of ruin more extraordinary. Wonderful is the effect of the east cliff as we approach it with its colours and carved architecture, the tint of the stone being brilliant and gay beyond my anticipation. "Oh master," said Giorgio (who is prone to culinary similes), "we have come into a world where everything is made of chocolate, ham, curry powder, and salmon"; and the comparison was not far from an apt one. More wonderful yet is the open space, a portion of it cut out into the great theatre, from which you approach to the ravine of the Sik. Colour and detail are gorgeous and amazing beyond imagination. At length we reached the mouth of the Sik, the narrowing space between the loftier walls of rock becoming more overgrown with oleander and broom, and the ravine itself, into which you enter by a sharp turn on your right, seeming to close appallingly above your head. Not far from the entrance I turned round to see the effect of the far-famed Khasmé or rock-fane which

is opposite this end of the ravine, a rose-coloured temple cut out in the side of the mountain, its lower part half hidden in scarlet blossom, and the whole fabric gleaming with intense splendour within the narrow cleft of the dark gorge, from four to seven hundred feet in height, and ten or twelve broad. I did not penetrate further into the Sik, supposing I should have ample time in the several days I had arranged to spend at Petra, and wishing as soon as possible to obtain a general view of the valley. Retracing my steps I sat down at noon to draw, and did so uninterruptedly until it grew too dark to see the marks of my pencil or the colours I was using. First promising to call the anxious Feragh if I strayed out of sight of the tents, I worked on the whole view of the valley looking eastward to the great cliff, then in the bed of the stream among its flowering shrubs, then on one of the higher terraces where a mass of fallen columns lies in profuse confusion, not unlike the ruins of the Sicilian Selinunti, and gathered scraps and coloured effects of the whole scene from various points. And lastly at sunset I turned to draw the downward stream running to the dark jaws of the western cliff, all awful in deep shadow which threw a ghastly horror over their tomb-crowded sides, above which rose the jagged summit of Mount Hor against the clear golden sky. As the sun went down, the great eastern cliff became one solid wall of fiery-red stone, rose-coloured piles of cloud resting on it and on the higher hills beyond like a new poem-world betwixt earth and heaven. Purple and darkling the shadows lengthened among the overthrown buildings and over the orange, red, and chocolate rocks of the foreground, over the deep green shrubs and on the livid

ashiness of the white watercourse. Silent and ghostly-terrible rose darker and darker the western cliffs and the heights of Aaron's burial-place, till the dim pale lights fading away from the myriad crags around left this strange tomb-world to death-like quiet and the gray gloom of night. Slowly I went to my tent, happy that, even if I could carry little with me as a correct remembrance of this wonderful place, I had at least seen the valley and ruins of the rock-city of Edom.

It was as I was working at my last drawing by the river-bed that Abdel came to me from the tent, and pointing to one of the higher rock-and-ruin terraces, said mysteriously (with that disdain for grammatical precision in general and prepositions in particular which characterised his utterances), "He is seeing? in the Arab from his coming in the some ten?" And truly I saw ten black images squatted in a line immediately above the tents.

"Who are they, Abdel, and what do they want?" said I.

"He is of the Arab, and is for asking from the money."

Alas! all along of those tell-tale little shepherd-boys, who saw our entrance and have alarmed their remoter friends, I perceive that the peace of this hollow Lotus-land is to suffer change. For although the council of ten behave themselves with a scrupulous and saluteful politeness almost affectionate, it is easy to see by their constant scrutiny of our tents that this is only a preliminary domiciliary visit. As the sun fell nine of the ten departed, leaving one grim savage, who sat on his hams apart. Abdel tells me that they insist on a separate *gufr*, or tax, beyond what I had agreed with Abou Daouk to pay to the Haweitât, and say further that the head Sheikh of the Haweitât being away from these parts they (who are fellaheen from Dibdiba and other near

villages on the hills) will not allow the Haweitât to have all the money; that in the morning fifty or sixty more fellaheen will come, and that we shall not go without paying something. To all which Abdel and the old Salah replied that the *gufr* is to be given to the Haweitât Sheikh, and that he will divide and dispose as he thinks proper; but as they go away threatening and murmuring, I begin to think that like many others I may have a good deal of trouble in getting the drawings I wish for, since, if surrounded by these gentry, quiet study is to me impossible. The one remaining coloured gentleman watches our movements after the catlike manner of these people, but as the evening draws on retires into one of the *busi*, as Giorgio calls the *buchi* or caves. Here he remains till satisfied we are fairly established for the night and have no intention of moving, and then he also flits. Abdel comes to my tent to say that the Haweitât are at a considerable distance from the valley, and that if before they come the fellaheen from the various surrounding villages take advantage of their delay and pour into the place, he fears I shall have small leisure for drawing. The Arabs declare that Giorgio is not a cook but a Howadji in disguise (as he is dressed like a Frank), that he likewise must pay a *gufr*, and they laugh at what they call such a bad trick to avoid paying them lawful tribute.

April 14th.—A little after midnight we were suddenly awakened by a general alarm of shouts, and by the pleasant harmonious voices of many camels and men. We struck lights at once, and Abdel came to my tent saying, "He be coming more and more of the Arab, sir; he be quiet in for the morning from the sun when he be rising." Salutations after the most correct conventional forms go on from every one arriving, and by the increas-

ing noise the visitors seem numerous. I dress and await further events. The advent of these sons of the desert, brought about by the information of the two little goatherd imps, is by no means auspicious, robbery being ever the cause of these demonstrations towards luckless Howadji. Meanwhile they become tolerably silent, only from time to time calling on and being answered by fresh parties as they arrive; and they have lighted several fires, one close to my tent, possibly to ensure my not running away.

By four a.m. I had packed up everything inside my tent, in case of accidents, and step out on the grassy terrace. What a scene! Groups of nine or ten Arabs, in all upwards of one hundred in number, are around the tents; many are quarrelling among themselves at intervals; others watch every movement of Abdel, and are already asking for sugar, coffee, bread, &c. Abdel and Salah tell them that the gufr, or tribute-money, is to be divided fairly; that it is first to be given to the Haweitât, and that they will settle with the fellaheen. The fellaheen say no Haweitât are come or will come, and declare loudly that they will have the tax for visiting their territory now. Our party reply—No; the money is to be given into the hands of the Haweitât by order of Abou Daouk Sheikh of the Jehaleen, and we can do nothing till they arrive: a declaration we persist in, though an immense uproar ensues. Suddenly great shouts are heard, and a body of twenty Haweitât really appear, who announce that their Sheikh is on the way, and that no money is to be allotted till that personage reaches the tents, on which the more demonstrative fellaheen protest and appear inclined to attack the twenty Haweitât, but evidently are not sufficiently united to follow any concerted plan,

for presently two sets of them fall upon each other, while the Haweitât dispose themselves to remain quiet spectators. I begin to feel convinced that studied drawing in Petra will prove most difficult or impossible, for unless the Haweitât Sheikh brings a very large body of men with him, the different sets of these rabble fellaheen cannot be controlled, and they assuredly have not come so far for nothing. It seems to me that the affair is a trial of strength or right between them and the Bedaween, and that the latter, if only present in small numbers, are likely to be the losers. I therefore order Giorgio to close and watch my tent while I try a visit to Ed Deir, the highest temple far up the ascent to Mount Hor, reserving to the last my chances for a drawing of the theatre and the entrance to the Sik, on the ground that by the time I return from Ed Deir the fortune of the day may perhaps be changed for the better by the arrival of a sufficient number of friendly Arabs.

So under the paternal care of black Feragh and two of the Haweitât, I set out before sunrise to the western cliffs. We crossed the river-bed, and were soon involved in intricate passages among oleander, tamarisk, and large blocks of pale lilac, red and raspberry-ice-coloured stone, up which the pathway led, often by great flights of stairs cut in the stone, often over vast smooth surfaces, through narrow crevices, below gigantic genii-walls and demon-palatial darknesses. Both Arabs threaded the magic staircase with a rapidity I could hardly keep up, brushing the wild fig, thrusting aside the tamarisk, and startling the hoopoe, rockdove and partridge, until the report of a gun below, the echoes of which circled and reverberated like thunder among the precipices, caused a sudden halt. The Black and Arabs listened attentively, supposing, I im-

agined, that some disturbance had commenced among the gentle villagers in the valley ; a second shot succeeded, but no further sound, so we began to ascend again through the narrow ravine by a difficult labyrinth of rockladder and tangled shrub and creeper hanging from the sides of the striped gorge, till we came out on to a wider space, a wonderful wilderness of coloured crags and chasms, and all kinds of geological enormities. Here, ever looking about me, I suddenly saw something move over a cliff far above, and as suddenly disappear. I called to Feragh, and before I could fix his eyes in that direction, I saw the same movement twice more, a form bobbing up and down quickly. The three dark gentlemen held a rapid council together, which ended in the two Arabs disappearing in a chasm, and presently we saw them at intervals reappearing on the heights far above. Shortly afterwards two reports were heard with shouts and howls in proportion, and as I and the black climbed upwards, lo ! a slain roe-deer fell toppling over from one of the tallest precipices at our feet. Down came the two Haweitât ; to cut off the animal's head and double up the body over their shoulders was a work of short time, and away and up we all rushed again in a savage triumphal scramble, over still vaster blocks of stone, now cut into a regular ascent of steps. The views from the heights above the Meteora monasteries in Thessaly, or in parts of Zagori in Albania, most nearly of all the landscapes I know resemble this astonishing scene, but they have not the surprising colours by which this is made all glorious and strange. At the finish of this bewildering climb is a platform of moderate extent, and on one of its sides is the temple or tomb called Ed Deir,—solitary and striking, cut in the solid rock like the Khasmé, but neither so beautiful in colour nor so

attractive in situation, yet a fit crown to the marvels of the ascent. To me it seemed probably to be a temple, not only from its position on the platform at nearly the summit of the mountain, with the cut steps in the gorge leading up to it, but also from the echoes of sound so distinctly produced from the opposite rocks, a peculiarity not likely to have been overlooked by any priesthood aware of the influence of natural sounds and scenes over the mind. The whole spot had the air of an absolutely enchanted region, and can never be forgotten by whoever has penetrated so far.

As soon as we arrived here, the two Haweitât lit a fire, skinned the deer, cooked and ate the liver ; but I interrupted their wild feast by the order to descend, as I did not know how much longer the ascent to the top of Mount Hor might occupy, and thought that if the Arabs in the valley below should molest me to the point of preventing much more study, I would rather get one view of the theatre and the Sik-chasm than any other, if only one. Moreover I had agreed with Abdel to be ready about ten o'clock to leave the valley altogether, if staying in it should become increasingly inconvenient. On regaining the ruined terraces above the stream in the valley, I was sorry to find nearly double the number of Arabs I had left there gathered round the tents, not fewer I suppose than two hundred in all.

Many of these fellaheen were quarrelling violently with each other, and all were more or less insolent except only the Haweitât, whose Sheikh or headman had now arrived with ten others of his tribe, he riding on a white horse and clad in scarlet robes, but evidently unable with his small party to control the numerous and disorderly rabble around. I felt that I must now decide on my plans, and I was of opinion that

no firmness on my part (as in the case of Robinson) of refusing to pay anything except on condition of being left in quiet and with stipulations as to a certain time for drawing, could have availed me anything, since there was here no one person to be relied on as exercising authority over the crowd. Nor, if the comparatively small body of Haweitât were to leave the place or get worsted by any united attack of the fellaheen, was there any guarantee that our tents and baggage would have been sacred in the eyes of the latter worthies. I therefore gave orders that our tents should be struck and the camels loaded, greatly vexed at the necessity of shortening my stay, but glad to have secured yesterday's drawings, and hoping that before these tasks were completed I should still have time to make a last drawing at the theatre.

My Jehaleen escort were not of the slightest use, and did nothing beyond begging me to leave the valley; old Salah alone persisting, in spite of increasing threats from the fellaheen, that he would only pay the *gufr* to the Haweitât, and Feragh busying himself with staving off on all sides the crowd of Arabs, who became more importunate and turbulent every minute, snatching at any object within their reach, and menacing the Jehaleen with their firearms.

Meanwhile the patient Suliot brought me some coffee, bread, and eggs, saying with his usual calmness that we had better eat a little, for it might be our last breakfast; and leaving him and Abdel to get all ready, I set off with Feragh and the two Haweitât to the theatre. When I turned to look back from the high ground leading to the Sik, no more picturesque scene could be imagined than that of the two tents surrounded by the agitated rabble in the midst of such singular and beau-

tiful landscape, though the appearance of long lines of fresh straggling Arabs pressing towards the encampment by no means added to the pleasure I derived from the prospect.

I had not long to devote to my drawing from the upper part of the theatre; yet how vivid and enduring are the memories of that half hour! The pile of vast rocks before me was dark purple and awful in the shadows of the morning, and the perpendicular walls of the wild rent of the Sik were indescribably grand, closed almost at their roots, but reflecting bright sky and white clouds in the stream which burst through them amid thickets of oleander and broom and rushed onward below the semicircle of the ancient theatre cut in the living rock below me. After I had made my sketch, I still felt a longing to see the Khasmé once more; and though through the gorge of the Sik the ill-omened Arabs still continued to come in small parties, I again stood before the wonderful temple. Both Feragh and the two Haweitât, however, positively withheld me from entering the Sik, saying that many of the Dibdiba Arabs were still on their way downwards. So I contented myself with entering the chamber of the Khasmé, and wrote my name on its wall (the only place in which I can remember ever to have done so), feeling that if I should come by the worst in the impending affray, I might be thus far traced out of the land of the living. For a fray there was to be:—great shouts had been heard for the last few minutes, and the Black became very anxious to get back to the eastern cliff, where he said the money was to be divided, and we should find the camels ready. As I returned down the stream, not unforeboding of mischief, loud and louder cries as from a great crowd echoed among the vast enchanted rock-world. I ascended the

steep path leading to the tents, and saw thence our Jehaleen Sheikh's camel near the largest cave at the north end of the east cliff; the cave seemed full of Arabs, and at least a hundred were round its mouth. Others were running to the same point, and as I came in sight of the encampment terrace, I saw that Abdel and Giorgio were coming towards me with the camels, surrounded by a throng of the savages vociferating and mobbing them in their slow progress. A camel, be the exigency what it may, never alters its pace; if anything, the wicked camel on this occasion walked rather less quickly than usual, now and then looking round with an ineffable camel-grin, which said as plain as words, "Don't you wish you may get me to move on." There are some narrow steps in the rocks which I wished to pass, but could not before the unlovely community were upon me; so I was compelled to stand still while they rushed by me singly to the number of one hundred and fifty or thereabouts, on their way to their brethren at the cave's mouth. They were in a state of great excitement, and many yelled and threatened as they ran; a few pushed me or pulled my clothes, and one struck me in the face with one of my own hens, adding insult to injury. The last had gone on, when Abdel and Giorgio came up, and with them and the camels I proceeded to the entrance of the cave, where, said Abdel, "Salah is in the pay of the money from the Arab of the Jehaleen to the Haweitât, and they all fight for about it with another to the other."

Not only in the cave or tomb and around its mouth was the assembly clustered, but on the paths leading out of the valley northward, intimating very meaningfully that we were not as yet to depart. From time to time violent outcries burst from the

cave, and the mob without appeared to get more and more excited. Every minute gave plainer proof that the horde of savages was quite disunited and uncontrolled by any authority. More cries from within, and forth rushed twenty or thirty to the camels, which they dragged away from the helpless Jehaleen, when in another moment a larger number fell on the first party, and were for the time masters. The confusion of the scene and the fury of the Arabs increased with every moment, and I expected instantly to see a wholesale dismantling of the imperturbable and lofty Hubblebubble and the wicked camel, whose groans and shrieks of indignation at being pulled this way and that resounded through the valley. All the while, too, parties of the most villainous-looking fellaheen pressed closer on us, and began to insult and annoy us by twitching and jostling. So dense was the crowd, and so impossible any movement of escape, that there was literally but one course left us, that of appearing as far as possible indifferent to the violence one could not resist. For, as Abdel afterwards said, "When it was one or two fire-temper younger in the striking or the shooting, so he all sudden dead."

Presently a more supreme uproar arose at the cave's mouth, and Abdel said that the money which we had brought for the pre-arranged ordinary gufr was awarded respectively by the Red Sheikh, but that the many-tribed crowds rejected the division; and immediately a large body of these odious Ishmaelites rushed out in a frenzy of fury with deafening cries, and hustled and dragged us from where we were waiting by the camels to the entrance of the cave. Even among these ruffians there seemed a divided mind, for while some pushed us on others endeavoured to hold us back, and with increasing menaces and ill-usage

seemed anxious to proceed at once to a division of the spoil; a consummation only prevented by their want of union, each lot of thieves being fearful of the interference of all the others. The expression of intense rage in their disgusting faces as they put them close to mine, shrieking and howling out, "*Hât! hât!*—give us dollars!" would have been a study for a painter had the circumstances permitted: and it was not easy to keep up the passive air so needful at a time when each moment was adding to our cause of irritation. The tranquil and dignified dodge was however beneficial to our interests; for when one of the younger brutes seized my beard, he was severely rebuked by an elder for this peculiar development of impropriety, though there was no abatement of ear-nipping and arm-pinching, and the Suliot had a hard task to follow my orders and be quiet. Another and a greater clamour now rose again from the great cave, and a fresh supply of savages joined in the tumult outside. A party still more violent than the last succeeded in appropriating us; and these, holding my arms and unbuttoning all my clothing, extracted in a twinkling everything from all my many pockets, from dollars and penknives to handkerchiefs and hard-boiled eggs; excepting only my pistols and watch. Whether they left me these as calculated to carry dissension among themselves from their being unable to divide them, whether from knowing that no one among them could conceal an object of such value, or because they were aware that the fire-arms would be useless to them without percussion-caps, or from thinking the watch an infernal machine, I cannot tell.

During this scramble, in which the Suliot underwent a similar ordeal, the hubbub and yells were incessant, but the great weight of their anger fell upon the unlucky Abdel. "We will

kill your two Howadjî, and not be cheated out of our money," cried one. "I," bellowed a second, "am the man who killed the dragoman two years ago—so you had better give us all you have;" and in less time than I can write it, they had pinioned him (for, though a powerful man, more than twenty were attacking him), had torn off his turban and thrown him on the ground, when, amidst the horrid uproar, I determined to make a last effort to prevent bloodshed if possible. The first pistol-shot would have been the signal for our instant sacrifice, which I believed was probable enough, because the quarrelling among the wretches themselves was becoming so frantic, and the whole scene one of such uncontrollable lawlessness. I forced my way into the cave, by the very door of which all this was happening, threw myself on the Red Sheikh, who was re-dividing some of the money in the vain hope of appeasing the mob, and uniting to my small amount of Arabic a much larger persuasion by my hands, I pulled him up from his seat and to the door of the tomb, where Abdel was still struggling with his assailants. To these the Sheikh instantly proceeded to deal blows and immense abuse, saying at the same time to us: "You must pay twenty dollars at once to these men of Dibdiba or I can do nothing for you; after that I will help you on if I can." Farther discussion would have been useless, so I ordered Abdel to pay the money, and immediately that particular body of aggressors wheeled off and left the field, howling and jumping like demoniacs.

The Red Haweitât Sheikh,—who, to do him justice, had not seemed aware of the lengths to which the fellaheen were proceeding outside the cave—now mounted his horse, and with several of his followers urged on

the camels beyond the last of the caves, and towards the path leading upwards and northwards out of the valley of Petra. He was not, however, allowed to assist us in escaping without fresh bodies of fellaheen making efforts to prevent him, some of them rushing on him and trying to drag him off his horse; nor until he had struck one down with his spear and others had been more or less seriously knocked about, was he able to follow us. In a quarter of an hour we turned out of Wady Mousa; the Red Sheikh, who was evidently still anxious at the anger and numbers of the rabble, left us to return to the cave, saying he must needs go back to prevent further mischief. The Jehaleen escort silently crept after their camels, shorn, alas! of all smaller ornaments, pipes, sacks, and, worst of all, of the whole remains of the poultry except two; and the Desert-Ships themselves began to step forth with their usual measured gait, the wicked camel persevering now and then in stopping to look round with a ridiculously plaintive expression of vexation at leaving the green valley and the pure water.

But hardly were we out of sight of the cliffs, steadily going up the track north-west towards Wady Nemula, when lo! new shouts were heard, and more than thirty guns bristled and sparkled up the hillside. Headed by five of the most outrageous, and calling on us to stop or they would fire, on they came and surrounded us with their former violence, declaring that they had had no share of money from the Haweitât, and would by hook or crook have it from us. Resistance was absolutely useless now as before, and the only policy was to save the luggage by giving up more money; after a long parley, seven dollars sent off the savages and left us free once more. Again we moved on, but as we

proceeded upwards we saw that the Arabs who left us encountered a smaller party below, and that a row ensued between them; the end of the struggle being that the path again bristled with arms, and a fresh knot of twenty brought us to a halt once more in another ten minutes. Four dollars sent back these horseleeches, and again we proceeded, again to be brought up by ten of the vermin, more enraged than any on account of their longer run, who did not quit us till the last two dollars we had were disbursed to ensure our liberty. Had the Jehaleen had any desire of slaying their Ishmaelite brethren, we might have been a match for this last set, but the sound of gunshots would have attracted the main mob below, and we were still in the heart of the Fellah villages. Three more of the thieves came up with us in another quarter of an hour, and it was Abdel's policy to get them to accompany us as far as possible, until a few reluctantly-extorted coppers convinced them that nothing else was to be got. And thus we passed the last hill, looking back into Wady Mousa; a memorable spot to me for more than its wonders and beauties, as I believe that at one time it was extremely probable that our lives would have been taken, not from any premeditated design or love of blood, but in the blind rage of so many furious savages. All along it appeared to me that each odious pack of robbers declined to take on itself the responsibility of unloading and seizing all the goods, because that action would have been the signal for an instant general scramble in which they might have been beaten off by stronger ill-doers. It was the intent of each one to get what he could with the least show of offence to the rest.

The camels themselves could not perhaps have been appropriated without the theft provoking a war with

the whole Jehaleen tribe. It was between ten and eleven when we really began to make some progress towards the pass of Nemula; but even yet the chances of pursuit seemed by no means over, and a single strong and united set of thieves might proceed to a far more summary process of highway robbery than had been ventured on by the divided factions below. As we slowly wound up the rising ground towards the pass by which we were to descend to the desert, a rabid old man came out of his field storming and yelling after us—"Why were we there? what business had Abou Daók's men or camels on their ground? why had not everything been taken from us? *Hât! hât! hât! baksheesh* instantly, or on his horse he would alarm the two villages close above, and we should be pursued and caught in the pass!" So we left old Salah to diplomatise, and went on by a wild upper gorge which at any other time would have held out temptations to a sketcher to linger,—a wondrous wady with great detached, Meteora-like cliffs and rocks, full of eyes and holes like enormous petrified Gruyère cheeses, and further on breaking into wider and more closely-wooded depths equal in beauty to many a well-remembered scene in Greece. But to stay or to draw was out of the question; there was nothing for it but to continue the Hegira till we could encamp in the open plain beyond the marauders' reach.

On arriving at the head of the pass the vast silent desert shone bound-

less to the western horizon, and it was hard to believe that the great pale expanse was not water, but sand. It was late in the afternoon before we accomplished the descent, which is very crabbed and crooked and difficult, not over a slippery bare surface of rock like that of the Nukb-es-Sufâa, but tortuous and twisted and steep and rock-walled, affording misery to camel and discomfort to man. Lower down the rocks are dark and greenish in colour, here and there reminding one of the passes near Antrodoco in the Abruzzi. Once only there was a cry of "Arabs!" (as if the whole party except myself and the Suliot were not of that charming race!) but the people we met were few and friendly wood-gatherers; and so we went down, down, down to the plain, and on and on till the promontories and capes of hill grew lower and lower, and by sunset we were fairly out on the broad ocean-desert. For more than two hours longer we continued to press on, and at length, quitting the track to Hebron, pitched the tents behind some sandy bluffs, according to Salah about two hours from the Ain Muwéríbeh. Here we were glad to rest, after a day of no light fatigue; but even here, supposing some of the livelier fellaheen might pursue us, we remained on our guard all night, and only sleeping winkily prepared to start again long before dawn. But there was no pursuit nor alarm; these vermin rarely leave their dens.

UNWRITTEN BOOKS.

AN article in this Magazine for April last on Unfinished Books suggested the present paper by a very natural association. That article treated of works begun and carried to some degree of completion, but afterwards abandoned; this is concerned with conceptions which have floated into the brain and out again, leaving, in the majority of cases, no permanent memorial to mark their stay. It is an alluring province, this fairy-land of books unwritten. It holds the vain hopes of many an ambitious dreamer whose Helicon flowed faster than his pen; it contains the aimless regrets of equally aimless lives, and the unexplored possibilities of many a busy one. Its record is one of eager planning and fugitive dreams, of moments of inspiration and lack of opportunity; its motto, *Art is long, but time is fleeting*.

Of most of these unwritten books we have no trace or record. The "inspiration and the poet's dream" come frequently when there is no note-book available. In solitary walks or silent nights fragments of many an old romance and many a new one lie floating before the mental eye and fade without leaving any impression on the retina. But some writers are more methodical than others, and now and then these casual conceptions are jotted down to furnish material for the literary Autolyceus of future times. The note-books of Hawthorne, for example, contain numerous instances of these memoranda. As PERICLES AND ASPASIA has been called the richest mine of unused quotations in the language, so are Hawthorne's note-

books the largest collection of unwritten stories. The suggestions are not all striking or original, but some of them are worth quoting. This is one, taken almost at random: "Two lovers to plan the building of a pleasure-house on a certain spot of ground, but various seeming accidents prevent it. Once they find a group of miserable children there; once it is the scene where crime is plotted; at last the dead body of one of the lovers or of a dear friend is found near; and instead of a pleasure-house they build a marble tomb." Again, in less sombre mood; "Follow out the phantasy of a man taking his life by instalments instead of at one payment,—say ten years of life alternately with ten years of suspended animation." Sometimes the hint is for a picture, sometimes for a children's tale, once for a tri-weekly paper to be called THE TERTIAN AGUE, but generally for a sketch or a short story. Why does not some one of our new historical novelists complete the idea by which questions as to unsettled points of history were to be asked of a mesmerised person? We offer them the suggestion freely, together with that other one of a person who discovers the secret of making an old mirror yield up again all the images that have been reflected on its surface. Indeed, Hawthorne's note-books may be generally recommended to the perusal of those writers who are deficient in invention rather than in elaboration, and who are not too proud to borrow what others have no further need for.

In that part of THE CASTLE OF

INDOLENCE in which Thomson describes in figurative language his poetical associates he tells us :

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark ;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his
face,
Pensive, not sad ; in thought involved,
not dark ;
As sweet this man could sing as morning
lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the
heart :
But these his talents were yburied stark ;
Of the fine stores he nothing would im-
part,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-
painting art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting
sound ;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels
began
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the
ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile
are found :
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's
bound ;
Then homeward through the twilight
shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed
many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were
they passed :
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay ce-
cealed
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted
fast,
And all its native light anew revealed :
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And marked the clouds that drove before
the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he
build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind ;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no
trace behind.

It is pleasant to suppose that when Thomson wrote these stanzas he was thinking of his unfortunate friend William Collins, to whom the last three lines refer with peculiar propriety. He was essentially a man

of unfulfilled ideas, passing his life in forming resolutions which he had not sufficient mental fixity or moral force to carry out. "He now, about 1744," writes Johnson, "came to London a literary adventurer with many projects in his head and very little money in his pocket. He designed many works, but his great fault was irresolution ; or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his scheme, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose." He proposed to make use of his extensive acquirements in a *HISTORY OF THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING* for which he had made many preparatory studies. In this work he proceeded so far as to print *Proposals* (after the manner of the time) and to take the first subscriptions from his friends (after the same manner). Gilbert White, in a letter to *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* in 1781, refers to this project as a *HISTORY OF THE DARKER AGES*, so it is possible that not even its title was definitely fixed. Johnson, who was at one time on terms of intimacy with Collins, speaks as though the history was never begun, but his friends did not give up all hopes of seeing the great work even after the poet's mental collapse. Thomas Warton mentions a preliminary dissertation to be prefixed to the history, "written with great judgment, precision, and knowledge of the subject" ; and Joseph Warton, in his *ESSAY ON POPE* published in 1756, only three years before Collins's death, alludes to the history as though it were still in process of composition.

This was by no means the only undertaking which Collins allowed to lapse. In the only letter of his that has been preserved he refers to an ode of which no trace has ever been discovered. "The subject," he says, "is the music of the Grecian Theatre ; in which I have, I hope naturally, introduced the various characters

with which the chorus was concerned, as *Edipus*, *Medea*, *Electra*, *Orestes*, &c., &c. The composition too is probably more correct, as I have chosen the ancient tragedies for my models, and only copied the most affecting passages in them." It is probable, however, that, although in this letter he speaks of the ode as a thing accomplished, he had done nothing towards its completion beyond arranging its contents in his own mind.

That Collins was poor need not have restricted the volume of his writings, for the pressure of poverty has been the means of keeping many a poet at his desk

When he had better far have stretched
his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest dell
By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering all his spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful.

But Collins was not the man to let poverty interfere with his leisure. The unwelcome presence of a bailiff was sometimes necessary to remind him of his creditors, and once when Johnson paid him a visit he found one of these creatures prowling in the street outside his lodging. There was another and a more celebrated occasion on which the Doctor found a brother author in the clutches of the law; but Goldsmith happened to have a manuscript in his desk which soon put matters to rights, for a time. There was no VICAR OF WAKEFIELD in Collins's desk, but there were plenty of ideas in his head, and one of these concerned a translation of the *POETICS* of Aristotle with a commentary. On this poor security, apparently the only marketable commodity the poet possessed, Johnson actually succeeded in procuring an advance from a bookseller more sanguine or more soft-hearted

than most of his tribe. There is a proverbial saying which describes two classes of bad payers, those who never pay at all, and those who pay beforehand. Whether Collins would have proved the truth of this aphorism at the expense of his publisher, or whether he would have kept his engagement in spite of his constitutional idleness, we shall never know; for shortly after the transaction a legacy of two thousand pounds enabled him to cancel his agreement, repay the bookseller, and pitch his Aristotle into a corner.

In connection with these floating intentions, which every writer has at one time or another, Boswell quotes a memorandum from Johnson's notebooks, *Sent for books for history of War*, and proceeds to lament with characteristic effusiveness the loss that mankind sustained by the non-completion of that work. Johnson no doubt had many good reasons for not undertaking such a formidable task; but he might have remembered them, and the long list of his own unexecuted works, when he took Mallet to task for not writing his long-considered life of Marlborough. "He groped for materials, and thought of it till he had exhausted his mind," said he, adding a further remark about men entangling themselves in their own schemes. But Mallet was one of the Doctor's early aversions. Every one remembers him as the beggarly Scotchman to whom Bolingbroke left half-a-crown to discharge his blunderbuss against religion and morality, and as the man who raised Johnson's ire by changing his name "from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet* without any imaginable reason or preference which eye or ear can discover." His life of Mallet is written in a depreciatory if not malicious manner, and in it he seems to be striving to subdue, by a recol-

lection of the unfavourable qualities of his subject, a sneaking admiration for the parts and perseverance by which he had raised himself from humble penury to a position of dignity and fame sufficient at any rate to ensure him a place among the recorded poets. The materials for Marlborough's biography were originally handed to Lord Molesworth, and on his death to Steele, who is said to have parted with them temporarily in an impecunious moment. When the Duchess of Marlborough died they were given to Glover and Mallet with a bequest of a thousand pounds. Glover declined the task and the whole burden consequently fell upon Mallet, on whom, be it said, it did not seem to weigh very heavily, for in spite of a great appearance of industry he never wrote a single line of the book.

The same fate befell that History of England by which Wilkes once thought to "equal the dignity of Livy." It is not generally known that this extraordinary man ever cherished literary ambitions, and certainly, if written, the history need not have caused the least sign of anxiety to pass across the face of the serene shade of the Roman Historian, for the spirit of demagoguery which we can never dissociate from the name of Wilkes is as far as possible removed from the calm, equable atmosphere where Clio dwells. But one other work which Wilkes proposed he was pre-eminently fitted to undertake. It was a new edition of Churchill's poems, with notes and commentaries. Churchill was one of Wilkes's chief associates, a man of a character in many points similar to his own, and the close connection between the two, both social and political, would no doubt have given Wilkes a great advantage over any other editor of his friend's satires if he had persevered in his purpose.

There is an amusing list of un-

written books prefixed to *THE TALE OF A TUR*. They are described as treatises by the same author about to be speedily published, and include a *DISSERTATION ON THE PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS OF GRUB STREET*, *A MODEST DEFENCE OF THE RABBLE IN ALL AGES*, *A CRITICAL ESSAY UPON THE ART OF CANTING*, and so on; while in the Tale itself other forthcoming productions, equally suited to his wit, are announced with much unction by the sarcastic Dean. One of these was on the *NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS*, and the author gives an imaginary prospectus of this useful and philosophical work. For example: "The state of war natural to all creatures. . . . Every man fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself. . . . Brutes much more modest in their pretensions this way than men, and mean men more than great ones. . . . Thus greater souls in proportion to their superior merit claim a greater right to take everything from meaner folks. That is the true foundation of grandeur and heroism." Conceived in jest, this project might well have been undertaken in good earnest, the subject, treated in the way indicated by the notes, affording an unequalled opportunity for the display of the Dean's railing humour. This can hardly be said of another burlesque suggestion of his for the universal benefit of mankind. He complains that he has laboured long for the public good without much profit to himself, and proceeds to expound an idea which, in addition to conferring infinite pleasure on the world, will produce for himself a handsome revenue. It is a modest design for a history and exact account of *Terra Australis Incognita*, with maps and woodcuts. The work is to be completed in ninety-six volumes

folio, at a guinea a volume, payable in advance; and as the author confidently expects one copy to be subscribed for in every parish out of the rates, and one by every household of ten pounds a year, he not extravagantly resolves to print a first edition of a hundred thousand, and looks with complacency to see many millions of this great work printed in different languages before his death. The whole scheme is a delicious burlesque on the proposals of the book-projector of his time,

Who for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes their cash. But 'where's the
book?

We have spoken of several unwritten histories, but perhaps it is among the poets that we shall find the largest proportion of these masterpieces in embryo. How much easier it is to choose a subject for epic treatment than to write an epic poem! We do not grumble that it is so. We have quite enough epics as it is, more than any one ever reads; and if all were written that were ever planned the task of the literary student would be rendered hideous. Byron, just before his death, projected one on the Conquest. Pope went into more classic times, choosing the adventures of Brutus, the legendary grandson of pious Æneas and the mythical ancestor of the early inhabitants of this island. Milton, having decided to compose a heroic poem, hesitated long between the Fall of Man and the tale of King Arthur. How well we could have spared some of his polemical treatises for the Arthurian epic. These "leaf-fringed legends" have had a singular attraction for poets in all ages. Dryden, we know, at one time meditated a heroic poem upon them, as he also did on another subject, which he describes with some vagueness in the dedication to AURENGZEBE, in 1675.

He is tired of writing plays, he says, and pleads that, if he must be condemned to rhyme, he may at least have a change of punishment. He admits his shortcomings in drama, and hopes "to make the world some part of amends for many ill plays by an heroic poem." But plays mean a certain income, and the support of his patrons will be necessary if he is to devote his whole energies to this new work: "As I am no successor to Homer in his wit, so neither do I desire to be in his poverty." The poem was to have been on the wars of Edward the Black Prince; but probably owing to lack of the necessary stimulant both these epics remain in the clouds, together with Coleridge's great poem on the Destruction of Jerusalem, which, he declared, was the only subject left for an epic, though in 1795 he had playfully promised Cottle, "If thou wilt send me by the bearer four pipes I will write a panegyric epic poem upon thee with as many books as there are letters in thy name." If Scott's poems are worthy of the title of epic, as some of his admirers would have us believe, then the world lost a notable one when his wife dissuaded him from a trip to Portugal to "take a peep at Lord Wellington and his merry men." Scott was casting about for a subject for his fourth poem, and wanted to get the imagery for his battle-pieces at first hand. If THE WELLINGTONIAD had turned out no better than THE FIELD OF WATERLOO we may bear the loss of the Peninsular epic with equanimity.

Among the plays unwritten may be reckoned the tragedies that Collins planned in vain, Jonson's MORTIMER, Rossetti's POMPEY, and Byron's drama on the life of Hannibal which would have covered ground already traversed by Lee more than a century before. Burns, too, at one period contemplated

a national drama, but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes had the effect, he tells us, of arresting its execution; when later in life the poet discovered the true bent of his genius, he naturally gave up the tragic muse for a mistress of more benign aspect. Coleridge in his early period of activity planned a drama on King Stephen, which was to be in the manner of Shakespeare, and another on Michael Scott, which was apparently to be in the manner of Goethe. While yet at Frankfort, in the spring-time of his busy life, Goethe had projected no less than three poetical dramas, with Mahomet, the Wandering Jew, and Prometheus for their respective heroes. His seething brain was so crowded with ideas and visions that, in spite of his wonderful productiveness, it was impossible for them all to find expression before they were in turn driven from his mind by still fresher and newer fancies. His play *THE NATURAL DAUGHTER* was only the first part of a trilogy which was to deal with ideas suggested by the French Revolution. The other two parts were never written; and the same fate befell the play suggested to him by the most marvellous product of that revolution. When Napoleon visited Weimar, he was present at a performance of Voltaire's *LA MORT DE CÉSAR*, which he affected to disparage, suggesting that Goethe should write a better drama on the same theme. That Goethe thought well of Voltaire as a dramatic writer may be argued from his translating two of the Frenchman's plays, and perhaps this prevented him from profiting by Napoleon's suggestion.

If Shelley had carried out his intention of writing a tragedy on the subject of Tasso's madness he would have been walking in the footsteps of Goethe. He tells Peacock in 1818 that he has set aside all that summer

and the next year to the composition of this play, whose subject he finds to be admirably dramatic and poetical. "But you will say I have no dramatic talent; very true in a certain sense; but I have taken the resolution to see what kind of a tragedy a person without dramatic talent could write." Apparently the only result of all this promise was the *Song for Tasso*, beginning

I loved—alas! Our life is love.

Fragments of two other unfinished dramas are printed among his works; one a strange tale of an Indian enchantress and a "savage but noble" pirate, the other dealing with King Charles the First. This latter play he mentions first in 1821, but six months later he still speaks of it as conceived but not born, and adds, "unless I am sure of making something good the play will not be written. Pride that ruined Satan will kill Charles the First." Again, in the next year, he writes: "I am now engaged on Charles the First, and a devil of a nut it is to crack." Besides this he announces three poems which shall be companions to his *JULIAN AND MADDALO*, the scenes to be laid at Rome, Florence, and Naples, and the subjects drawn from dreadful or beautiful realities. At the same time he is preparing an octavo volume on Reform, which he is not going to trouble himself to finish that year. This mixture of poetry and politics in one of the most poetical and unpractical of poets is curious. In a letter written from Naples in 1819 he cries out: "Oh, if I had health and strength and equal spirits what boundless intellectual improvement might I not gather in this wonderful country!" "At present," he adds, and we may imagine him sighing as he made the sad confession, "at present I write little else but poetry, and little

of that. . . . I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science, and if I were well certainly I would aspire to the latter; for I can conceive a great work embodying the discoveries of all ages and harmonising the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled." After all this it comes as a relief to read "Far from me is such an attempt." His work, despite Matthew Arnold's surmise, was to "write little else but poetry," and fortunately his political mood soon passed. Perhaps a remark at the end of the letter from which we have quoted (referring to a slight derangement of the liver) may partly explain it. It is natural that an intellect so feverishly active as Shelley's should be continuously sketching out new plans for the future, and his correspondence gives ample indication that this was so. "I am full of all kinds of literary plans," he says more than once; and in another place, speaking more definitely, "my thoughts aspire to a production of a far higher character than [Charles the First] but the execution of it will require some years. I write what I write chiefly to inquire by the reception which my writings meet with how far I am fit for so great a task." If Shelley had seriously troubled himself about the reception given to his poems he might well have dissuaded himself from furnishing any more "jingling food for the hunger of oblivion;" but fortunately for mankind he did not suffer his faint welcome to interfere with his productivity.

It is unlikely that what Trollope called Thackeray's idleness lost the world another *ESMOND* or another *BARRY LYNDON*. At the same time, procrastination was always a characteristic of the great novelist from the time when at Cambridge he entered in his diary, "No news to-day, but

strong resolutions for to-morrow," to his later and busier years. At eighteen he proposed to write for a college prize an essay on the influence of the Homeric poems on the Religion, the Politics, the Literature, and the Society of Greece, but modestly conceded that the subject would require more study than he had time to give it; then, when his brief career at college had come to a close, we find him at Weimar on visiting terms with Goethe but with a preference for Schiller, whose works he proposes to translate, apparently in their entirety. In a letter to his mother he quotes a little stanza as expressing Schiller's opinion, "or rather, as is said in an admirable translation of that great poet by a rising young man of the name of Thackeray." In the same vein, half serious, half in jest, he declared in after years that he was going to write a novel of Henry the Fifth's time in which the ancestors of his most famous characters should figure. It was to be "a most magnificent performance,—and nobody would read it." A more serious loss is the history of the reign of Anne for which at the time of his death he had made considerable preparation by the accumulation of material. This work, for which he had some striking qualifications, was destined to remain unwritten, together with Goldsmith's *DICTIONARY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES*, Ascham's *BOOK OF THE COCKPIT*, and Adam Smith's great work on *LAW AND GOVERNMENT* of which *THE WEALTH OF NATIONS* was to form but a small section.

In the preface to the first volume of his *Conversations* Landor describes a literary ambition that had long held a place in his thoughts. "Should health and peace of mind remain to me," runs the passage, "and the enjoyment of a country where if there are none to assist at least there is

none to molest me, I hope to leave behind me completed the great object of my studies, an orderly and solid work in history, and I cherish the persuasion that posterity will not confound me with the Coxes and Foxes of the age." His anxiety to figure as an historian reminds us rather of "Raphael's sonnets, Dante's picture," but it was a design that haunted him for many years. Originally it had been his idea to join forces with Southey; but gradually the thought of collaboration died out and the scheme developed into one for a history of England from 1775 to be exhibited in a series of letters. That some part of this work was actually written we are informed in one of Landor's political pamphlets entitled *LETTERS OF A CONSERVATIVE*, in which he speaks of his original intention as being well known to many distinguished men; the title which he intended to give the work being bestowed on the pamphlet instead. In those letters he had attempted, he says, "to trace and to expose the faults and fallacies of every administration from the beginning of the year 1775"; but they were all thrown into the fire. Landor, like Collins, was in the habit of putting his compositions in the fire when anything happened to excite his temper, which, as we know, was very easily excited. As early as 1811, when Longman rejected his *COUNT JULIAN*, he committed his new tragedy of *FERRANTI AND GIULIO* to the flames, with a vow that no verse of his should thereafter be committed to anything else. Fortunately his resentment did not last very long; but at times it would break out again, and the destruction of more manuscripts would be necessary to appease it.

Much that Ben Jonson wrote went also into the fire, but not with his will. In his poem on the burning of

his library Jonson gives a list of the lost manuscripts, one of which was the narrative of his journey into Scotland. While he was in that country he informed Drummond of his intention to write such an account, and at the same time spoke of a "fisher or pastoral" play that was engaging his thoughts, the scene of which was to be laid near Loch Lomond. Both these works are missing; the former is known to have been burned, the second was probably never written. It would have been a particularly interesting play in view of the dramatist's problematical Scottish descent. There is not much doubt that his forbears were of Border origin, and two of his lost plays certainly dealt with Scottish subjects, *THE SCOT'S TRAGEDY* and *ROBERT THE SECOND, KING OF SCOTS*; on the other hand there is the statement that the objection taken to *EASTWARD HO* by those in authority was that it contained "something against the Scots." One may assume, however, that on the whole his attitude towards the Scottish people would have been more complimentary than that of his namesake of the eighteenth century. Besides this play he had it in his heart to write an epic to celebrate the heroes of his own time, and another to perform a similar kind office for the famous women of the same age; but neither of these projects came to anything.

Elizabethan writers seem to have been quite conscious of the greatness of their own time, and were anxious to leave no doubtful record of it behind them. Many years before the idea of his *HEROOLOGIA* had come to Jonson there was a young writer exercising his satirical pen on the people he saw around him. This led him incidentally to a defence of plays and, in the course of a spirited attack upon the actor's enemies, Nash takes

occasion to commend the English practitioners in that profession, especially the subsequent founder of Dulwich College, famous Ned Allen. "If I ever write anything in Latin (as I hope one day I shall)," he says, "not a man of any desert here amongst us but I will have up. Tarleton, Ned Allen, Knell, Bentley shall be made known to France, Spain, and Italy; and not a part that they surmounted in more than other but I will there note and set down with the manner of their habits and attire." Unfortunately Nash died before he could carry out his intention. Had he achieved his desire our scanty knowledge of the Elizabethan stage would have received a valuable supplement, though if he had persevered in his design to use Latin for his purpose his book would have lost a great charm in the eyes of those who are able to admire the virility and flexibility of Nash's idiomatic style. But there was another work alluded to more than once by the writers of that age whose manuscript, could it be found, would be worth its weight in gold to the New Shakespeare Society. The author was Thomas Heywood, one of the most prolific writers on record, who confessed to have written, either wholly or in part, no less than two hundred and twenty plays, and whose other labours, epic, satiric, historical, didactic, would in themselves have earned for any man the title of voluminous. The work he proposed to himself was Johnson's task in the following century, only it was more inclusive in its plan. The design was in his mind for many years in spite of the incessant fluency of his pen. As an instance of the speed of his composition his *NINE BOOKS OF VARIOUS HISTORY CONCERNING WOMEN* may be adduced, a folio of nearly five hundred pages, which, he declares, was con-

ceived, begun, executed, and printed in seventeen weeks. Evidently he found that his *LIVES OF THE POETS* required greater labour and more careful handling than the work about women, for as early as 1614 we get a hint of his intention; again in 1624 he speaks of his resolution, and eleven years later he alludes to it in his *HIERARCHY OF THE BLESSED ANGELS* as a work "which hereafter I hope by God's assistance to commit to the public view; namely, the lives of all the poets foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the *novissimi* and last, of what nation or language soever." Seeing that Heywood was alive in 1648, if not later, it seems that this work should be regarded as a lost book rather than as an unwritten one, but the result to posterity is the same. Most likely he was still struggling with his mass of materials when the troublous times of the Civil War came upon him. The theatres were closed; actors and playwrights were sunk in poverty and disgrace, and information concerning poets by a player and dramatist was at a serious discount. What the recovery of his manuscript would mean to the historian of our early drama may be imagined when we remember that Heywood was writing for the theatres as early as the first performance of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*, and composed his last civic pageant when the Long Parliament was sitting, that his experience was that of actor, playwright, and sharer in the company, that he was a graduate of Cambridge, and above all that he had lived on terms of comparative intimacy with all the men that have made that age the most glorious in the annals of our literature. And in spite of Browning we should be glad to have the memoirs of those men written by an associate. As it is, however, Shakespeare can still

smile at our curiosity,—curiosity not necessarily idle or vulgar.

We ask and ask : thou smilest and art still.

Other men of genius have made resolutions and formed projects, but few have let the world into the secrets of their studies so habitually or so ingenuously as Coleridge. A poem planned was to him as good as a poem written, and as real. The question of presentation was a subordinate one to him, but to us it is an all-important matter ; and it is not altogether selfish to complain that he kept so much of the fruit of his imagination to himself, denying us the pleasure of a share in the feast. Almost as soon as he reached Germany he set about a history of German Poetry which was to occupy two quarto volumes ; he also contemplated a complete translation of Lessing and Wieland, and was particularly anxious about a life of the former poet. Later on he intended a life of Wallenstein to be prefixed to his translations from Schiller, but it was abandoned either because of the reason he himself alleges, or because of his habitually "sloth-jaundiced" temperament. His friends all bewailed this characteristic. "To rely on you for whole quartos !" says Southey quoting his friend's promise, "dear Coleridge, the smile that comes with that thought is a very melancholy one." Cottle declared that he remembered the poet reading from his note-book the titles of no less than eighteen separate works which he had made up his mind to write, and not one of which ever saw the light. The work which advanced most nearly to completion was, according to the

same authority, *TRANSLATIONS OF THE MODERN LATIN POETS* in two volumes octavo, of which Coleridge had really proceeded so far as to print a prospectus. It is easy to follow Cottle's lead and make fun of poor Coleridge for inconsistencies and discrepancies which all can see ; but if any one is disposed to condemn him, let him read this passage from his *TABLE TALK*, in which the dreamer pleads extenuation with all the sensitive eloquence that at all times characterised him, and then perhaps the judgment will not be so harsh.

There are two sides to every question. If thou hast genius and poverty to thy lot, dwell on the foolish, perplexing, imprudent, dangerous, and even immoral, conduct of promise-breach in small things, of want of punctuality, of procrastination in all its shapes and disguises. . . . But if thy fate should be different, shouldst thou possess competence, health and ease of mind, and then be thyself called upon to judge such faults in another so gifted—O ! then, upon the other view of the question, say, Am I in ease and comfort, and dare I wonder that he, poor fellow, acted so and so ? Dare I accuse him ? Ought I not to shadow forth to myself that, glad and luxuriating in a short escape from anxiety, his mind over-promised for itself ; that, want combating with his eager desire to produce things worthy of fame, he dreamed of the nobler when he should have been producing the meaner, and so had the meaner obtruded on his moral being, when the nobler was making full way on his intellectual. . . . Take him in his whole—his head, his heart, his wishes, his innocence of all selfish crime, and, a hundred years hence, what will be the result ? The good—were it but a single volume that made truth more visible, and goodness more lovely, and pleasure at once more akin to virtue and, self-doubled, more pleasurable ! And the evil—while he lived, it injured none but himself ; and where is it now ? In his grave. Follow it not thither.

THE BLACK DOG; A TALE OF THE TAY.

["A very good yarn indeed," observed Dicky Brown. "Excellent! But surely you don't expect any one to believe it? That is the worst of your average fish-story, it degenerates into romance. Any one could tell you had been drawing on your invention. Now, I could a tale unfold far more remarkable than yours, while it has the merit (oh, you needn't smile and look incredulous,) of being perfectly true."

"Unfold it by all means," I replied.

"I haven't time now," said Dicky, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "As you know, I leave for London to-night, and to-morrow, instead of looking out on the jolly old river, I shall be listening, with exterior calm but inward wrath, to the criticisms of a misguided editor in whose soul is no appreciation of true talent. I'll write out the yarn and send it you," and so saying Dicky departed to his room to pack.

In the course of a few days I received by book-post a somewhat bulky package, and on opening it, deciphered, not without difficulty, the title which heads this paper. Turning over the leaves of the manuscript, to judge the extent of the infliction, I came on this letter. "DEAR ARCHY,—I send the promised story. Having been written in the intervals of more serious work errors may possibly have crept in; these you are at liberty to correct as I have no time for the polishing process. You have my permission to publish these singular experiences provided that no important alterations be made in the manuscript. The effort must stand or fall on its merits, which are many, and your editing must be confined to details, as the subject is,—well, not much in your line. Pray, do not suppose these restrictions prompted by any doubts of your literary ability! Yours, as ever, DICKY BROWN."

It was certainly an impudent letter, but the writer was young, and the rising generation is not remarkable for modesty. Nevertheless that final note of exclamation was almost the last straw, and I was sorely tempted to tear up the record of Mr. Dicky's precious experiences there and then. However I refrained; whether wise-

ly or not, readers, if any should be found, can judge for themselves in the course of the following pages.

The manuscript was written, or rather scrawled, in pencil, and as, in the most favourable circumstances Dicky's handwriting is peculiarly illegible, the reader will know where to place the blame for any shortcomings. Beyond adding the few comments which seemed necessary, I have made no attempt to improve on the original, though the task would scarcely have been impossible, and the story remains exactly as it came from the pen of Mr. Brown.]

I.

I had made an early start and the river being low, the month June, and the weather bright, my basket contained but a single trout when, towards eleven o'clock, I approached some low, wooded islands which divided the big river into several channels. Ascending one of these I soon came to a likely pool overhung by willows, beneath which the current murmured vaguely over a lip of pebbles, losing itself below in slow, foam-flecked eddies. It was deep, and the water showed black in the shelter of the bushes, where, with envious eye, I marked the occasional gleam of a broad yellow side and the slow-moving rings that tell of feeding trout. Beyond the margin of shade, the sun's rays, streaming from a cloudless sky, revealed the pebbles at the bottom through six feet of water. On my side the level shore was stony and clear of bush; across the channel a steep, thickly-wooded hill rose abruptly, and here and there spangles of brilliant sunlight fell through the trees on moss and tall brackens below.

As you know, it is not usual to employ the dry, or floating fly, on Scottish rivers, for the sufficient reason that the majority are unsuited to a method eminently successful on the less rapid chalk streams of southern England. In these quiet pools among the islands, however, I thought the plan might answer. Clouds of natural flies hovered over them,—spinners, duns, March browns—but even now in mid-June the latter seemed the favourites, and quickly fixing up a south-country pattern with upright wings, I crept up the bank as cautiously as ever stalker approached red deer. Casting back and forwards through the air to get the distance, I saw a big fellow break the surface, and the disturbance in the water had scarcely died away when the fly lighted within a few inches of the spot.

Daintily it floated, turning and twisting among the eddies. Presently the line began to drag. Engulfed in a miniature whirlpool, the life-like imitation became partly submerged, and I was about to try another cast, when,—flop,—the fly disappeared in earnest, and with an instantaneous turn of the wrist I was fast in a good fish. For your information I may observe that in fishing with the dry fly the strike should be timed to a nicety; neither is it necessary to haul as though you were hooking a pike on a live bait, a slight touch at the right moment suffices.¹

The trout cruised sullenly about the pool without showing itself, then, taking alarm, tore madly through the black depths under the willows, springing out in the sunshine like a quivering streak of gold. Bravely it fought for its life, time and again

leaping wildly in the air, then, with heavy pulls, boring deep down under the bank. At last, worn out and unresisting, it approached the fatal landing-net and in another second had left the old pool by the willow for ever, never again with stealthy rise to suck in the tiny gnat on long summer evenings, no more to hunt the shallows for the toothsome minnow by night. It pulled the balance just under three pounds and was taken with a light ten-foot rod on a cast whereof the last two lengths consisted of the finest undrawn gut.

For a couple of hours I had grand sport among the islands, trout after trout finding its way into the basket, not one of which weighed less than three quarters of a pound. But at length they ceased to take so freely; the upstream breeze which had favoured my operations died away, and, satisfied with my success, I decided to make for home. The basket contained about twelve pounds of trout when I started, and with each successive mile (I had six before me) every individual pound increased an ounce or two, till, on entering the private grounds within a mile of my destination, I was carrying quite double the weight with which I had left the islands. *What rubbish!* do you say? Try the experiment yourself, my dear fellow, on a hot day, and you will change your opinion. I was glad, therefore, to unstrap my load and rest myself on a bank of soft turf where the spreading branches of a fine old elm afforded a pleasant screen from the sun.

In this part of its course the great river has a majestic and special beauty. On either bank stately trees, whose growth surpasses ordinary limits, point their tall heads skywards and spread out their broad interlacing branches. Within this leafy avenue the current flows slow and sullen in a deep, black channel, where the eye in

¹ This is vastly amusing, for, as a matter of fact, what little skill he possesses in the art referred to he has learned from myself. Anglers have conveniently short memories, and in some the sense of gratitude is altogether wanting.

vain seeks to penetrate its mysterious depths. Immediately above me the stream eddied over a gravel bed in a broad, fairly swift stream, averaging three to four feet deep. In the shelving gravel at the side, a pointed rock of peculiar shape, known as the Grey Stone, its weather-worn surface grown over with white lichen and fungus, stood high above the water, marking the commencement of the deeps. Towards nightfall the pool created a romantic impression on casual visitors. The country folks declared that the neighbourhood was haunted; that dim and shadowy forms of no mortal origin sometimes might be seen by the Grey Stone, while sounds that thrilled the very heartstrings of the listener seemed to rise from the dark river. In short, the place was regarded as "no just canny," but, needless to say, these old wives' tales obtained little credence from Richard Brown. The Grey Stone, however, possessed better claims to my regard, inasmuch as the cast was a famous one for heavy fish; the career of many a splendid salmon has been cut short near that grim and ancient boulder.

Close at hand was one of those plantations of rare shrubs known as American gardens. Though already somewhat past their prime, the delicate yellow flowers of the azaleas and the drooping blossoms of the laburnums yet hung on the stems, and the air was sweet with the perfume of hawthorn and lilac. The great rhododendron bushes were just opening into bloom, their rich purple colouring contrasting with the varied tints around. In front rolled the broad river glancing in the sunlight past smooth-shaven turf; all around grew majestic forest trees. The beauty of the scene could scarcely fail to impress the least observant; subsequent events fixed it so firmly on my mind that even now, at the sight of

rhododendrons or the scent of azaleas, that American garden rises before me fresh and vivid as on that fatal day in June. But I anticipate.

Idly watching the sunlit river, I saw a dark shadow within a yard or two of the Grey Stone; a salmon, I thought, for I knew the place was hardly ever without a fish. Stalking the shadow on hands and knees, I soon approached so close to the salmon, for such it was, that I could see its gills working. A noble fish! Forty pounds if an ounce, and apparently not long in fresh water, for it was bright as a new shilling. Now and again it sheered out a foot or two into the current, then, with a scarce perceptible wave of the broad tail, returned to its original station. So far as an artificial fly was concerned I knew there was no chance. The entire contents of the fly-book would not have tempted it. But might it be prevailed on with a worm? How exciting to hook it on a ten-foot rod! And luckily, though I had not hitherto employed them, I was provided with these dainties, while my reel-line, though fine, was sixty yards in length. I should never have allowed the poaching thought to take possession of me, but once hearken to the voice of the tempter and you are lost. Deaf to the small voice of conscience, I substituted stout salmon-gut for the slender trout-cast I had been using, looped on a large single bait-hook and attached a sinker about two feet above it; three or four large worms were quickly selected and impaled upon the hook. Concealed behind a bush some yards above the fish, I dropped the bait cautiously in the water, and, with the rod held low and pointing down stream, let out the line. Foot by foot it travels down with the current, then comes a slow, subtle pull. Trembling with excitement, I slack off line from the coils held loose in the left

hand, for I have been at the game before and recognise the doubtful, uncertain style in which the king of freshwater fishes deigns to annex the vulgar worm. That slow, hesitating drag is repeated several times, till at last the line remains steady, and presently I reel in the slack and strike with resolute hand. Sure enough the big fish is hooked, and for a few minutes the fun is fast and furious. After testing the hold by some angry shakes of the head, it makes a furious rush down stream, the little trout-reel whizzing as surely trout-reel never whizzed before, while with my heart in my mouth, I hold on all I dare. It is a case of turn or break; on this occasion the latter is the word. The salmon flings its silvery bulk across the surface, falls back with a heavy, confused splash, and I am reeling up the remnant of the line, uttering words not intended for publication.

Retiring to the shade of the elm tree, I sought consolation in the whiskey-flask, then lighting a pipe, pondered over the weight of that salmon. It was steadily increasing in size, when I noticed a furrow, evidently caused by a heavy fish, travelling across the smooth current. The disturbance died away near the bank, and creeping down, I saw to my astonishment the very salmon that had just abstracted my tackle, lying in exactly the same place as before. Its identity was unmistakable, for so clean was the water I could plainly distinguish part of my reel-line trailing in the current behind it. The salmon seemed quite at its ease and apparently was none the worse for a trifling matter of a hook in its gullet. That appearances are deceptive will be shown in the course of this history.

Not without a sense of shame do I record the episode that follows. *Facilis descensus Averni*, as we used to say at school. From fishing for a

salmon with a worm to snatching it with the bare hook was a short and easy step, and discarding all pretence at sport I hastened to prepare a deadly device. I shall not divulge its exact nature nor how employed. Flesh is weak, and on those numerous occasions when you fail to capture fish by fair means, it is possible, my dear fellow, that you might be tempted to follow a bad example. It suffices to say that my method did not demand the intervention of a gut casting-line, while a certain article usually seen at the lower extremity of a spoon-bait was called into requisition. In skilful hands the apparatus is deadly, but your chance is gone if the fish be alarmed. As ill luck would have it, I was only too successful,—up to a certain point. Never would I have interfered with that wretched salmon could I have foreseen the dreadful results that would ensue. But, whether mercifully or not, future events are concealed from mortal ken, and all unwitting of the doom that awaited me I crept towards that innocent and unsuspecting fish. No matter how, I struck the barbed treble home, and, raising the point of the rod, prepared for battle. It was short and decisive. The fish dashed down stream at a great pace, and yielding not at all to the heavy pressure I brought to bear, ran out all the line without a check, and, for the second time that afternoon, I was gazing at the limp line trailing in the current.

All bonny Scotland could not have produced a happier, a more light-hearted mortal than was Richard Brown that morning. How different his state of mind now! By my base attempts to remove the salmon from its native element, I felt I had forfeited the respect of all true-hearted fishermen, yet so curiously constituted is the angler's mind that I partly re-

gretted their failure. As I thought of that noble fish just arrived from the salt seas, resting its wearied fins on the way to some far peaceful haunt, and realised that mine had been the cruel hand to wreck its constitution, I felt I had justly merited the title of poacher. If chronic sore throat should be its portion for life, I and I only would be to blame; and seated there under the elm the thought moved me nearly to tears.

The afternoon was sultry, and the oppressive atmosphere, with the supreme quiet that reigned around, gradually caused my regrets to become rather vague. The birds had ceased their song, the cattle in the adjoining meadows were resting beneath the trees, and no dimple of rising trout stirred the glassy current; Nature was taking a siesta, lulled by the ceaseless complaint of the great river.

I was just dozing off to sleep when I was roused by the rustle of a lady's dress, and looking up, was surprised to see a charming young girl tripping up the bank from the river. She was a stranger to me and I remarked with surprise the peculiar nature of her attire. She wore a long flowing robe of a pale green colour, confined at the waist by a silver belt. Her head was uncovered and her glorious hair, changing in the sunlight through many shades from russet brown to golden, streamed to her feet in rippling, waving masses. She stood regarding me with a mournful expression in her strange dark eyes, and I was about to rise to my feet and address her, when, to my profound amazement, my limbs refused to obey my will. A feeling of awe, almost of terror, crept over me, and I remained spell-bound, gazing at my strange visitor.

It was impossible to look on that beautiful face without being moved by the intense sadness of its expression. As those sombre eyes, glowing with

strange fires, gazed into mine, an overwhelming dread took possession of me; I was consumed with a sickening sense of impending danger. There was no movement of the red lips, but presently I seemed to hear her voice. "What punishment does he merit who tortures the noblest inhabitant of the waters?" Into my mind flashed the thought, "Who are you that ask?" and she answered to it. "I am the Queen of the Fishes. My soul is vexed with the wanton torture of my subjects, and for thee there is no excuse. The vile instinct that leads thee to torture and destroy must be torn from thy breast." Again I seemed to say, "Why should I suffer? Others are more guilty." Again she answered the thought: "Seek not to defend thyself, mortal, it is useless. Go, learn thy fate." She touched me lightly on the forehead and immediately a roaring sound came in my ears as of waves beating on the sea-shore. Her eyes, strange and terrible, burned into mine. The pale green robe seemed to change and shimmer like falling water, and, as I lost consciousness, I thought that her long flaxen hair twined about me in cold, clinging wreaths redolent of the ocean.

II.

I MUST now relinquish the personal style of narration hitherto adopted, being indebted to other sources of information than my own knowledge for the facts contained in this part of my story; as will shortly appear, Richard Brown was in no condition to give a trustworthy account of the curious matters herein set forth.

About four o'clock that same afternoon the two Miss Pattisons, accompanied by their young brother aged fourteen, strolled leisurely up the shady banks of the river with the object of meeting Mr. Brown on his

return from fishing, and bringing him home to five o'clock tea. Strathearn Lodge, whence they came and where Brown was a visitor, had been rented for the summer and autumn months by their father, who owned the chief share in a large wholesale tailoring business in Glasgow. Old Pattison was a common-place individual of the self-made type, only saved from positive vulgarity by a commendable turn for sport and the reputed possession of great riches. His daughters were bright, pretty girls, showing no traces of their lowly origin, for Pattison had begun life in practical sartorial operations, and his wife, who had long since died, had belonged to the same class in life. Some brilliant articles on sport from the gifted pen of young Brown had first attracted Mr. Pattison's attention, and when, later on, he made the acquaintance of that promising young writer, he at once secured him for a visit to Strathearn Lodge. Needless to say, Brown soon became a prime favourite, not only with Papa Pattison, but with the two young ladies. In fact it was rumoured in the country side that he had only to ask in order to have, as either of the girls would only be too happy to exchange their present style for the envied title of Mrs. Brown. Possibly with that good-looking young gentleman it was a case of "How happy could I be with either."¹

¹ Certainly Dicky Brown is quite the most conceited ass of my acquaintance. His impudence in talking to me, who know him so well, of his *gifted pen* passes all bounds. Of all the intolerable rubbish that ever appears in print I have always thought Dicky's to be the worst. It has been constant matter of amazement to me that any editor could be induced to publish such trash; yet it must be confessed that articles over his signature are frequently printed in magazines which have the folly to reject the superior matter of other and more modest contributors. How true it is that real genius seldom is recognised during a man's life-time! I smile to myself as I glance again over the last few lines of

In the course of about twenty minutes the party arrived within sight of the American Garden. "I wonder if Mr. Brown has caught a salmon," observed Bobby Pattison. "Highly improbable, my dear," replied Alice, the younger of the two girls, "considering the river is dead low and no one has killed a fish for weeks. Besides, he only took a trout-rod." "There he is," exclaimed Helen, "fast asleep, with his basket and fishing-rod by his side!"

They walked on and inspected the recumbent angler, who lay, apparently asleep, stretched at full length, with his face downwards and concealed in the grass; his arms and legs were extended, and altogether his attitude was less elegant than peculiar.

"What a very uncomfortable position," observed Helen. No sound came from him and presently the girls felt uneasy. "Wake him up, Bobby," continued Helen, with authority. Bobby hauled at Brown's arm, turning him over on his side, when it was apparent at once that something was wrong. Brown was dreadfully pale, and, though his eyes were open, no sign of recognition appeared in them.

"He must have fainted from the heat!" exclaimed Helen. "What are we to do?" "Do," returned her more practical sister, "why, get some water." In a few seconds she returned from the river carrying Bobby's straw hat partly filled with water, wherein it must be confessed she showed considerable presence of mind. She dashed the contents of the hat over Dicky's head and the effect was magical. He half choked, gasped for breath, then with a groan, so heavy that it seemed to come from his boots, sat up, supporting himself by his hands on either side; gradually a dull

Dicky's story. *Good-looking*, indeed, with his red hair and freckles! An ugly dog as ever stepped!

consciousness returned to his glance and the colour mounted slowly in his cheek.

"After all, I believe he was only sleeping very soundly," said Alice. "I never heard of any one having nightmare in broad daylight before," remarked Bobby, waving his hat about to get rid of the water; "and another time, Miss Alice, perhaps you'll use your own hat,—I'm sure it's big enough!"

If only asleep, dreams of terror certainly had haunted the angler's slumbers and were slow to depart with returning consciousness. His face looked drawn and haggard, and his breath came in short, choking gasps, each inspiration more quickly than the last. At length the climax arrived in a prolonged and terrific fit of sneezing. *Atisho, at-tis-sho*, came with increasing energy from very serviceable lungs, while the young ladies watched him with astonishment, not yet free from anxiety.

"Poor fellow, he has caught cold," said Alice. "Jump up, Mr. Brown. It is lying on the grass that makes you sneeze," observed Helen.

"Ugh, ugh," grunted the individual addressed, with that peculiar expression of face that heralds the approach of yet another sneeze. "Where am I—what—what has happened to me? *At-tis-shoo!*" His voice rose almost to a scream as he propounded this conundrum, while the tremendous nature of the paroxysm that followed altogether baffles description.

It proved to be a final effort, and recovering himself somewhat, Brown surveyed the party with a vacant stare of astonishment. Certainly he looked very queer. His cap had fallen off, and his auburn hair stood up from his brow; his mouth was half open, and he showed little resemblance to the smart Dicky Brown with whom the girls were familiar.

"He must have been doing something very bad to dream like that," observed Helen. "What sport have you had, Mr. Brown?" she continued in a louder tone. "We walked up the river on purpose to meet you." "Sport!" ejaculated Brown, passing his hand wearily over his forehead, thereby ruffling his hair till he looked more dishevelled than ever. "Sport? I seem to know that word, and yet,—and yet—" "How funny he is," said Alice, with a look of surprise. "How many fish have you caught?" asked Bobby, and he seized the basket and tumbled the contents out on the grass. "Oh, I say, that is a nice lot! Where did you get them?" "Did you catch them with flies, Mr. Brown?" inquired Alice, conveying in a tender glance from her bright eyes something more than met the ear. An expression of deep-seated pain flitted across Richard's expressive features. He seemed to struggle to collect his wandering thoughts. "Flies—fish!" he muttered, in unsteady tones. "What are they? I,—I seem to have forgotten something." "He certainly is very odd," Helen observed, aside to her sister. "Do you think by any chance he can have been—" "Drinking?" said Alice, finishing the sentence. "Not unless he has found a private whiskey-still up the river. I filled his flask myself and it does not hold enough to make even Bobby tipsy." Helen was by way of being rather demure, but Alice could have passed an examination in slang before a board of Winchester prefects. The female mind is receptive, and Bobby's holidays were long and frequent.

The party proceeded homeward, Bobby taking charge of rod and basket. Near the house they met the old fisherman carrying a heavy salmon-rod. "What luck, Malcolm?" asked Bobby. "Ou, just a bonnie bit grilsie," replied Malcolm, with a

peculiar contortion of his rugged weather-worn features which, with him, did duty for a smile and indicated an unusually amiable frame of mind; "a matter o' sax or mebbe seeven pund, and clean run too. He'll have rinned up frae the sea joost exaackly in yon sma spate we had twa weeks syne." "There, Mr. Brown!" exclaimed Alice, with an inquiring glance at that gentleman. "You see there *are* some fish in the river still. Now, why could you not catch this grilse?" "Where is it, Malcolm? I should like to see it," said Helen. "Ye'll no see it the noo," rejoined the fisherman. "It's awa' til the kitchen; it will be for your dinner a'm thinkin'. Was ye seeing ony fush up bye, sir?" he continued, turning to Brown. "I scarcely know," answered that gentleman, his eyes riveted on the end of a long gaff Malcolm carried in one hand. "I,—I—don't feel very well." With a feeble, purposeless movement of his hands, he tottered towards the house, followed by anxious glances from the young ladies and a stare of surprise from Malcolm.

Dinner at Strathearn Lodge was an important function; for old Pattison was fond of good living and his cook received rather a larger salary than the minister of the established Church of Scotland in the neighbouring town. This evening it was a more solemn affair than ever. Brown had made no change in his dress, had not even brushed his hair, and noting this slight on his hospitality, Mr. Pattison glared at him over a portentous collar, vowing in his own mind that, well or ill, Master Richard's visit should come to an abrupt termination on the following day. The girls felt there was thunder in the air and kept their eyes pretty steadily on the tablecloth, while even Bobby's spirits were not proof against the prevailing gloom. The soup was handed round by two

smart footmen in livery while a very superior-looking butler poured out the sherry. Brown promptly spilled his over Helen's dress, who acknowledged the compliment with a doubtful smile. But this was a trifle. Presently one of the footmen brought in a large dish and, placing it before the host, removed the cover and exposed the silvery form of the grilse captured by Malcolm that afternoon. Brown started from his seat.

"What is the matter, Mr. Brown?" inquired Pattison, with freezing politeness. "Do you not feel well?" Brown subsided. His face was deeply flushed, and, while the ladies were being helped, he stared till his eyes threatened to leave their sockets. "Thick or thin, Mr. Brown?" asked the host, poisoning the fish-knife delicately in his right hand. "Fiend, *villain*, MURDERER!" shouted Brown, kicking his chair furiously from him, thereby barking the shins of the superior butler. In an instant he had seized the salmon with both hands, slapped it violently against Mr. Pattison's white waistcoat, then, with a stentorian yell, sent it crashing through the window. Helen screamed, Alice burst into tears, and the faces of the astounded servants were wonderful to behold.

"He's mad, stark, staring, raving mad!" exclaimed Mr. Pattison, retreating towards a corner of the room. "James, Donald, seize him immediately; Tomkins, assist them!"

After this unparalleled feat Brown collapsed on the carpet, where he lay, muttering to himself, waving his arms about and occasionally giving vent to a sort of muffled roar anything but reassuring to the nerves of the party. The two footmen, however, were stout lads, and between them managed to hustle him from the room, Mr. Tomkins hopping on one leg in the background as a hint to his employer that

he was incapacitated from active service.

Dr. McPhee occupied a neat little house on the outskirts of the small town of Aberearn, about two miles from Strathearn Lodge. He was a fresh-complexioned little man, with a lofty forehead and eyebrows placed rather high above light gray eyes, and was never seen out of doors in other attire than a shiny suit of professional black surmounted by a glossy silk hat. Correct, not to say pedantic in his conversation under ordinary circumstances, broad Scotch rolled from his tongue in moments of excitement. For the rest he was well respected in the neighbourhood, and the country folk said that if Dr. McPhee could not cure you, why you must be in a very bad way. At the moment he is introduced to the reader he was seated in an apartment which served him at once as dispensary and study, for the Doctor made up his own prescriptions and, consequently, had a remarkable faith in the healing power of drugs. At least he was never known to inform a patient that medicine was powerless to relieve him. If any one called, Jennie, the maid-servant, was instructed to say that her master was compounding medicines in the dispensary; and if Scotch whiskey be a medicine the statement was perfectly true, for the Doctor, being an early bird, was already mixing the first of the three brews of weak toddy he was accustomed to take every night of his life. From this congenial employment he was roused by a tremendous peal at the bell, and, after a rather long interval, the trim maid rushed into the room in a breathless state of excitement.

"Eh, sir, for the Lord's sake!" she exclaimed. "There's awfu' doings up at the Hoose. Here's John the English groom,—a feckless, impudent body he is tae," continued Jenny, in a

lower tone, wiping her mouth with her apron. "Aweel, sir, John has comed over frae the Lodge as fast as ever his horse could clap legs to the groond, and he says that ane Mr. Broon has gone fair dementit, athegither daft, and he's ravin' awa' like ony Beedlamite; and the first thing he daes is to clap auld Mr. Pattison on the heed wi' the poker, and syne he killit the butler,—that's him they ca' Tomkins and a douce-like body forbye—and noo, for what John kens, he's murderin' the young leddies, puir lambies, and the neist thing he'll—" "You'll put me daft with that clackin' tongue of yours," interposed the Doctor; "that will be the next thing. Go and tell Duncan to saddle the pony, and send the man John in here."

John's story proving little more intelligible than the slightly exaggerated account of his own domestic, Dr. McPhee, without wasting more time in words, placed in his pocket such remedies as he thought might be required, and mounting his pony accompanied the groom back to Strathearn Lodge. Arrived at the house he was conducted at once to the bedroom of the supposed madman.

"Dear, dear, surely all this can't be required," said the Doctor, as he observed the complicated arrangement of ropes by which the unfortunate Brown was secured to the bedstead, a fourposter of the old-fashioned, solid description. Round it stood Mr. Pattison and his hopeful son, the two footmen, and a burly English coachman, while the doorway was blocked by the ample dimensions of the housekeeper attired in a black silk dress which rustled aggressively at each motion of the wearer. The entire female establishment was congregated on the stairs behind her, while Helen and Alice mingled their tears in the front hall. Mr. Tomkins had disappeared.

He did not consider that his duties included waiting upon madmen, and was busily engaged in the pantry bathing his barked shins with warm water.

"Why have you tied him up like this?" asked McPhee. "It's as much as our lives is worth to let him loose," said one of the footmen. "He's terrible strong, sir," assented the other. "The poor young gen'leman's as mad as a March 'are!" observed the coachman. "I am really afraid it is necessary to restrain him," said Mr. Pattison. "You have no idea how violent he has been." Bobby said nothing, but his looks spoke for him. He evidently regarded the whole affair as a variety show of singular realism and excellence, enacted for his special gratification.

"H'm," observed McPhee, pursing up his lips. "We must try the pulse." The patient's wrist was duly manipulated in a silence so profound that the ticking of the Doctor's huge silver watch was almost audible. "Ah," continued the little man, "rather fast, nearly a hundred and twenty. I feel almost warranted in diagnosing marked febrile symptoms. We will now take the temperature." He placed a clinical thermometer carefully between the patient's lips, Brown was breathing heavily through his open mouth. His eyes were closed and he seemed unconscious of what passed. From time to time a slight spasm seized him and he strained against the ropes that secured him. "When did this attack come on?" inquired the Doctor. "The girls tell me he was not like himself in the afternoon," replied Mr. Pattison, "and he developed dangerous symptoms while we were at dinner. Without the slightest provocation he suddenly jumped up, hit the butler a tremendous blow with his chair, and then assaulted me ferociously,—I

assure you it's a mercy I do not require your professional services—after which he seized a salmon we had for dinner and threw it out of the window."

"Very serious," observed McPhee; "I should fear we had to do with a sudden attack of homicidal, or, considering the fish, let me say, salmoccidal mania." Being in a good humour at the prospect of a paying case, the little man could not repress a chuckle at this professional jest, for, though patients were plentiful, fees were scarce in Aberearn. The master of the house looked rather surprised; observing this the Doctor assumed an air of intense professional gravity and approaching the bedside, removed the clinical thermometer.

"Well, this is the most extraordinary phee-nomenon I ever witnessed in the hale coorse of my professional career!" he exclaimed, after regarding the instrument attentively for some seconds. "The temperature is only ninety-five. Do ye ken what that means? Why, ma dear sir, the man has nae business to be alive! The thing's just impossible, ategither beyond ma poowers o' comprehension!" The little man positively danced with excitement and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, wiped his face with a huge red handkerchief, muttering, "Only ninety-five, and no' deed yet!"

It was a thrilling moment, quite too much for the nerves of the female servants who, regardless of all rules and regulations, thronged into the room and feasted their eyes on the hero of the hour.

"Puir young fellow!" observed one. "Eh, sic an awfu' colour as he is!" remarked another. "It's a shame to tie up such a nice-looking young man with all those horrid ropes, and him so ill too!" exclaimed Miss Slater, the pretty lady's maid. "The

Doctor'll be for bleeding him, likely," continued the second speaker, who was evidently of a morbid turn.

McPhee now called for brandy, which being procured, he poured a small quantity through the clenched teeth of his patient, who greeted the attention with a more vigorous attempt to kick than might have been expected from a man whose temperature was only ninety-five.

"What are you about?" asked Pattison suddenly, retreating towards the door. Dr. McPhee was unfastening the ropes that bound the desperate Brown to the bedstead. The servants tumbled over one another in their anxiety to escape the violence of the released madman, and Mr. Pattison turned pale. "For any sake be careful!" he cried. "I assure you he is dangerous."

"I take all the responsibility, my dear sir; believe me he is in no condition to attempt violence. I apprehend the worst unless there is rapid improvement, besides, it is essential to ascertain the precease nature of these recurring spasms." McPhee had now in some degree recovered from his excitement, and having released the prisoner, began taking notes of his remarkable case in a pocket-book of abnormal dimensions.

A minute or so after he had regained his freedom a sudden spasm shot through Brown's frame. He jerked his arms convulsively overhead, then lowered them slowly to his side; at the same time alternately contracting and extending his legs. Mr. Pattison and the men, who still remained in the room, beheld these manœuvres with amazement. Dr. McPhee observed them with the critical eye of science. Brown's eyes still remained closed, and it was evident that his movements, which were repeated at short intervals, were independent of his will.

"What is he trying to do?" inquired Mr. Pattison from the doorway. "Jactitation of the arms accompanied by twitchings of the lower limbs," muttered the Doctor, writing hurriedly in the big note-book. "It looks just as if he was swimming," cried Bobby, who was watching the proceedings with intense interest. "What an extraordinary delusion!" said his father. "He must be very mad indeed and ought to be removed to an asylum at once." "Diagnosis of febrile attack contradicted by unprecedentedly low temperature," continued the Doctor, still scribbling in the note-book. "Mad as a March 'are," murmured the coachman, who evidently considered that this phrase summed up the situation.

At last the little man consigned his memoranda to his pocket, and separating the eyelids of the unconscious Brown with his finger and thumb, peered closely into his gray orbs.

"Do you think the poor fellow will soon recover?" asked Mr. Pattison.

"This bangs a' thing!" observed McPhee, deliberately, taking no notice of the question. "It's no canny." He then produced a small magnifying glass through which he submitted Brown's eyes to a still more careful inspection. Then turning to Mr. Pattison, "Pray, sir, has this young man been a great fisher?" he asked.

"Very much so. He was as keen an angler as I ever met; a first-rate performer with the rod," was the answer. "And when he was not actually fishing, he was in the habit of talking about it, fond of narrating his experiences?" said the Doctor. "Yes, he was a great hand at fish-stories, poor fellow. He was simply devoted to the sport and never thoroughly happy away from the riverside." "So that fish and fishing were aye rinnin' i' his mind?" "No doubt; but why do you ask? What

can that have to do with his present condition?"

Doctor McPhee motioned the men servants to leave the room; much against his will Bobby was induced to follow their example, and closing the door behind them, the little man returned on tip-toe to Mr. Pattison. His elevated eyebrows imparted an appearance of mild surprise to his features, and he wore a mysterious, important air. "Everything, my dear sir," he said. "The previous history of the patient bears most intimately on his present condition." "You don't say so!" said Mr. Pattison, wondering from what recondite malady his guest might be suffering. "We are confronted with the—most—remarkable—case on record," continued McPhee, in impressive tones. "The rapid pulse and abnormally low temperature are absolutely unparalleled in all the history of pathology, while the condition of Mr. Brown's eyes—" "What's the matter with his eyes?" inquired Pattison. "I can only account in one way for the conflicting symptoms present in this case. I am not certain, we can seldom be positive, but I believe Mr. Brown is suffering from a complaint hitherto unknown to science." "Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Pattison; "I hope it is nothing catching!" "There is little cause for alarm on that score; I am almost justified in saying none at all," replied the Doctor. "As regards the state of the patient's eyes, I find the cornea in great measure has lost its transparency, the conjuncteeva appears to be jaundiced, or yellow, and neither the iris nor the antre are normal in character." "Conjuncteeva,—iris,—antris," repeated Mr. Pattison; "this sounds very serious." "The organs of sight," continued McPhee, "present an appearance best described by the unscientific but expressive term *fishy*, and this, in conjunction with the

other symptoms present in this most remarkable case, have enabled me to diagnose—" the Doctor paused. "What,—what is wrong with him?" exclaimed Pattison, whose nerves were strung to a high pitch. "Mr. Brown is suffering from an acute attack—" "Yes—what of?" asked Pattison, eagerly. "An acute attack," said the little man, lowering his voice to a whisper, "an acute attack of *fishing on the brain*."

III.

LEAVING the ill-starred victim of Fishing on the Brain to wrestle with Dr. McPhee and the mysterious ailment specially invented for him, I, Richard Brown, continue the record of my adventures from the moment when I swooned away at the magic touch of the Queen of the Fishes.

With returning consciousness I became aware of sensations of physical suffering for which I could in no way account, and, greatly to my surprise, was no longer seated under the spreading elm, but lying at full length on a bank of rough stones. My surroundings seemed strangely unfamiliar. The blue sky above appeared hazy, the tall trees and smooth, grassy banks, which sloped down to the river on either hand, blurred and indistinct as though seen through a dulled pane of glass. Noting these things I believed myself still in dreamland, a prey to unreal delusions of the senses. The idea was strengthened by an agreeable sense of motion around me, such as I had never before experienced, and which recalled to mind that cool, refreshing sea-breeze which, towards sundown, restores vitality to residents in hot climates. Yet could I feel no movement in the atmosphere; no breeze stirred the drooping foliage; never had I known the myriad sounds of nature hushed in such oppressive stillness.

After a time the pains which racked

me, and which hitherto I had been unable to locate, seemed to centre with special violence in my side, and reaching down my h——. Heavens above! Where—what was I? The impulse I had intended to convey to my hand had moved me forward bodily, bringing my head in forcible contact with a big stone. Oh, of course, I was still asleep and dreaming! Yet the encounter with the stone seemed real enough. My nose ached as though it were broken. Never before had I dreamed so vividly. I remember something of a girl who called herself the Queen of the Fishes; a foolish conceit enough, yet at the recollection a vague sentiment of uneasiness stole over me. Bah, what matter? I had only to jump to my feet and shake off this nightmare that oppressed me.

As, with a great splash, I fell back in the river, the awful truth forced itself on my brain. The fate vaguely foreshadowed by the Queen of the Fishes had too surely overtaken me. In place of rising to my feet I had made a fine big rise in the smooth current. The spirit of Dicky Brown now permeated the frame of a fish, and, judging by the splash, that of a heavy one. Undoubtedly I was a salmon, for no other big fish dwelt in that river. But whence these aches that tortured me? Constant pain could not form the ordinary lot of the average salmon, yet my throat ached as though it had been torn with pincers, while the twinges in my side were hardly to be endured. A sudden ray of light flashed on my mind, and I realised at last the full scope of my punishment. If righteous, it was terrible. I was converted into the very forty-pound salmon, whose capture I had so madly attempted. No wonder my throat burned as if seared with a hot iron, since a large-

size Limerick-bend hook was imbedded in it; the pain in my side no longer surprised me when I remembered the poaching engine with which I had grappled the forty-pounder. *And my own hand had inflicted the wounds whose effects I experienced in my present body!* Words are powerless to convey to you, my dear friend, the anguish of mind that overwhelmed me when I realised my dreadful situation.

A tumultuous whirl of terrible thoughts surged through my brain. I could not doubt that the mortal shell of Richard Brown was now at the mercy of the rude instincts of a fish. How would that wretched salmon conduct himself in my likeness? Would he develope a taste for dissipation, ruin the constitution of which I had always been so careful, and squander in reckless living my balance at the bank (fortunately it was a small one)? Or would he make love to dear little Alice Pattison, from whom I felt that now indeed I was divided by deep waters. It was impossible to foretell what line of conduct my other self would adopt, but I felt that in no case was it likely to do me credit. Should I ever escape from my present awful plight, oust that hated salmon from my semblance, and revisit that world of mortals which already seemed so far removed?

These sad reflections, coupled with the pain of my injuries, caused me partly to lose consciousness, and caring little what became of me, I was swept down with the current. Many a weary mile was I borne on the tide of the great river, hovering on that borderland which lies between two worlds, almost wishing to pass beyond it. After several days of this strange journey I was amazed to find that I had reached the tideway, distant some score of miles from the Grey Stone. For a week or so I remained in this part of the river, often springing into

the warm air above, and gradually recovering health and strength. The injuries to my side and throat no longer inconvenienced me, and by degrees, if not reconciled, I became more accustomed to my strange condition. Heavy rain now caused the river to come down thick and swollen, and, for the first time since I had been changed into a salmon, I experienced a slight sensation of hunger. Cruising in the slack water near the bank I devoured a few of the struggling minnows which had been swept away by the current. Worms, too, came down in hundreds, but the very thought of the wriggling creatures turned me sick and faint, recalling, as they did, such painful recollections. Neither minnows nor worms were visible in the muddy water, but the sense of smell told me with unerring accuracy when they were within reach. By the time the river had cleared and settled down, I was completely restored to health, and instinctively urging my way up stream, took up my quarters at the tail of a broad pool, thickly fringed with trees, where the quickening current was broken by huge boulders at the bottom.

I had already remarked some singular variations between my powers of vision as a fish and those to which I had been accustomed in my human form, but with everything new around me, and fresh experiences occurring every day, I had not yet attained to a true comprehension of what passed before my eyes. The real state of the case was revealed to me by chance, when, in this place, I obtained my first sight of an artificial fly from the salmon's point of view.

One fine morning, some days after I had taken up my station in the boulder-pool, I was lying quietly in the stream enjoying the gentle motion of the current around me. Other salmon dwelt in that pool, though none so big as I; and occasionally one of

our number would race wildly through the clear water, its example being followed by others, till for a minute or so the river was alive with silvery forms, darting and glancing in all directions.

Returning from one of these excursions, a wriggling creature all arms and legs, the like of which surely was never seen in air or water, such as Nature in her most 'prentice mood never deigned to create, passed through the water near me with a motion impossible to any respectable insect, and instantly I recognised its nature. The reasoning faculty I still retained informed me of matters which to the ordinary average salmon must ever remain dark, inscrutable mysteries. I followed the hook-concealing bunch of feathers as it passed from me towards the bank, and judge of my surprise on finding myself unable to distinguish a single trace of the brilliant and varied colouring I knew that fly possessed.

Vaguely through my mind flitted the idea, "Can salmon be colour-blind?" But my thoughts quickly received another turn; I was not yet at the end of my discoveries. Still swimming slowly a few feet behind the fly, I became conscious of a desire to seize it. Each second the impulse gathered strength within me, till only with the utmost difficulty could I resist the temptation to rush open-mouthed at the artless insect. It presented such an attractive, alluring appearance as I could never have supposed possible. Never to thirsty boating-man did tankard of cool shandy-gaff seem more desirable, or strawberries and cream on hot summer's day to damsel wearied with the cares of shopping. And all the time how well I knew the danger! Had I been a common, ignorant salmon that fly had long since been swallowed. My sensations might be compared to those of a

man standing on some stupendous precipice, who scarce can resist that vertigo, or madness of the brain, which urges him to spring headlong into the abyss below.

My time was not yet. I forbore the suicidal meal, and turning at the surface near the fly, an object moving on the bank attracted my attention. In a second I realised that I saw the angler, and overcome by strange, unreasoning fear, I darted swiftly away and concealed myself in a deep hole. Recovering somewhat from my first alarm, which reason told me was senseless and uncalled for, I emerged from my hiding-place and sprang over the surface of the water, curious to ascertain if the angler was still at work. He had disappeared, and sinking down to my original station I pondered over these strange matters.

On various other occasions I had opportunities of inspecting those remarkable compounds of silk and feather wherewith the angler seeks to entrap the guileless salmon, and always with the same results. I had no power to distinguish one colour from another, whether in regard to artificial flies or otherwise. The varying tints of the trees, the banks on which they grew, the blue sky overhead, the whole natural world so grandly coloured in harmonising tones to human vision, to me, a salmon, were merged in one universal gray. My eyesight was singularly acute at close range, while moving objects on the bank caught my attention instantly. I soon learned, however, to rely fully as much on my sense of smell as on vision to guide me in my new existence. More than once I have been saved from the peril of an artificial fly by a strange and nauseating smell which emanated from it, when, and sorely against my will, I swam forward to seize it. I came to the conclusion that this smell was

directly derived from human sources; for some little time the fly retained the scent imparted by the angler's hands (disgusting beyond description to the salmon tribe), till by continued immersion this gradually wore off, and finally disappeared altogether.

Then comes the danger to the salmon. I, of course, was not a true son of the finny tribe, and therefore my testimony may not be thought convincing; but thinking it wise to utilise my opportunities (though I could have dispensed with the occasion) I acquired, in the course of a residence of several months in the river, trustworthy information on the subject from salmon of age, experience, and undoubted veracity. From earliest youth the salmon instinctively dreads man, but not till he first returns from the sea does the artificial fly possess for him that strange and fatal attraction to which I have referred. I do not wish you to rely solely on my observations, recorded in all good faith as they are, but will quote the actual words of a fine old salmon with whom I enjoyed many a pleasant chat as we clove the strong current together, or rested side by side in some quiet pool or even-running stream. Though he had not the power of speech in our sense of the term, nevertheless we understood one another.

"You ask me of mortals, but I can tell you little. We know they are hostile to our race. Misfortune ever follows the sight of them, and no sensible fish will carry out an expedition of any kind if his course be crossed by mortal. You ask me of the nets; I know your meaning, but here, again, I am ignorant. That their object is to destroy us, I know, also that mortals are concerned in them; but this is all. Nor can I tell you how, so far, I have managed to escape them. You ask me of the strange insects whose bite is death, not

sudden and painless, but a lingering and dreadful death, where the salmon attacked dies in agony after protracted struggles. Whence they come and what their nature I know not, but this I know, that the strange insects have a fatal attraction for all of our kind who have reached their first maturity. Each one of us hates while he seizes, but, more often than not, the temptation is irresistible. Sometimes we are saved by a sickening smell which taints the water as the insect swims along. When the river is low and clear, and we see the creature most clearly, the desire is least powerful; it is most to be feared when least we expect to meet it. I who speak have felt all the terrors of death from its bite, yet am I still alive and strong. From the moment we first work fin, our lives are beset with many dangers. We regard the strange insect as the final doom of our race; a fate which overtakes those who escape other risks; possibly a punishment for we know not what fault."

The old fellow gave a waggle with his tale and forged up stream, evidently disinclined for further conversation. Really he was quite pathetic with his *dooms* and his *strange insects*, though, certainly, what little information he was able to impart was vague and unsatisfactory. Such as it is you are welcome to it; and you are now in possession of all the facts about artificial flies which I was able to collect during my sojourn among the fishes. The fact that salmon are colour-blind may come rather as a surprise to the angling fraternity. I feel some scruples at discharging this bomb (loaded with truth, be it said,) among the ranks of the faithful, yet I can but fulfil my destiny.

A long continuance of dry weather had caused the river to shrink to its

lowest summer level. The stream where I lay ran sluggishly; an unwholesome slime covered the bottom and I longed for fresh water and change of scene. While retaining my human intelligence (it failed me in my need, as you will learn by and by), doubtless with its form I had acquired some share of the salmon's instinct, and the desire to push up stream was ever with me.

One sultry night a strange sense of oppression weighed upon me; it was an effort even to maintain my position in mid-river. Never, in all my fishy existence, had I felt so unnerved, and fearing I knew not what new disaster, I lay behind a big stone, motionless save for my fins, which swept with a regular and gentle motion against the gravel below.

The last hours of the night were drawing to a close when clouds of inky blackness appeared above the sharp line of foliage. With singular rapidity they swept across the vault of heaven, obscuring the pale light of the moon, till the same profound gloom rested on stream and shore. Quickly as the clouds had gathered the air was still, and a calm that was almost unnatural reigned around. Suddenly a jagged streak of lightning shot across the heavy sky; another and yet another followed, and I knew by the sound-waves lapping against me that the thunder was cracking and booming overhead. Presently the smooth current became rough and broken as the splitting clouds gave up their contents and the rain came hissing down. This was not the first thunderstorm I had witnessed in my present form, but though on previous occasions I had experienced a certain feeling of oppression, I had not been afraid. Now, a sense of danger possessed me. Some instinct warned me I was in peril, and swimming stealthily upstream I cowered under the bank in

the deepest part of the pool where thirty feet of water covered me. The storm increased, and my fins quivered again as I felt the sound-waves striking in quick succession against my scales. At length the pent-up electricity found vent in a terrible bolt which, tearing aside the blackness of the river, enveloped me in a blinding glare of light, and, for a second, each stone and tiny pebble of the quiet depths was more clearly seen than in the noon-day sun. For a brief space I lost the power of vision, and thought that dread moment was my last. Phases of my former existence passed rapidly before me. Again I strolled by shady walks with sweet Alice Pattison, trod my way through the crowded streets of London, or communed with you of fish and fishing, my friend of the river-side. Have you ever awoke from some haunting nightmare, Archy, and thanked Heaven that the horror was born of dreamland? Conjure to your thoughts the opposite. Imagine the dream sweet and pleasant, the awakening terrible, and you will gain some idea of my sensations as, gradually recovering from the shock of the thunderbolt, I realised that here was no phantasy of the senses but a hideous reality. I was alone in the secret depths of the dark river; overhead black night and angry clouds; in my soul a presentiment of coming evil.

The force of the storm now in great measure was spent and the big rain-drops no longer ruffled the stream. The night, however, continued intensely dark, and, by a scarce perceptible concussion now and again conveyed through the water, I knew that thunder was still rumbling in the distance. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a faint luminous glow which still lingered in the inmost recesses of the pool where the bolt had sped. It increased in brilliance,

gradually acquiring a rounded shape, yet was no light shed on the rough bed of the river where it seemed to dwell. For a time the globe-like form shone with a steady radiance, presenting a certain opaqueness to the eye; but as I gazed in awe and wonder, it began to change and undulate in shifting rays of varying brightness, till my very soul sank within me as I seemed to trace a vague resemblance to a human form. The strange appearance became more defined, acquiring ever firmer outline, and terrified beyond measure I made a supreme effort to dart from the spot; but the power of motion had deserted me. My fins remained fixed and immovable; the same dread sense of supernatural presence came over me as on one previous occasion in my life, and I knew that once again I beheld the Queen of the Fishes. She stood regarding me with those mournful eyes I remembered so well, her glorious tresses floating gently in the current, herself the only object visible where all else was shrouded in night.

"At last," I cried in my soul, "at last we meet again. Save me from this dreadful lot! Surely vengeance is satisfied."

"Thy punishment has been severe, mortal, yet canst thou not say it was undeserved. Hast thou repented? Wilt thou ever again torture the fishes of the stream?"

"Restore me once more to the world above, to the free air of heaven, and never again shall hand of mine wield rod or hook."

"Yet must thou pass through one more ordeal, from which I am powerless to save thee; then all may be well. Twice hast thou looked on the Queen of the Fishes; beware of the third time." While the words yet lingered in my heart, she was gone, and darkness settled on the river.

Through the night I felt the strength

of the current increasing, and when the sun rose in a clear sky next morning, the river was in heavy spate. Daylight, and the sense of vigour imparted by the strong, rushing waters, swept away the morbid fancies which had assailed me during the storm, and I was even tempted to doubt the reality of my second interview with the Queen of the Fishes. It was now several months since I had been changed into a salmon, and though it might be supposed that with each succeeding day my lot would become more intolerable, such was not altogether the case. At times, indeed, I longed ardently to be restored to my natural form, to regain that position among the world of men from which I had been so strangely removed, and in these moods I found the companionship of my fellow-fish inexpressibly wearisome. For I was not always alone. Although I have not previously mentioned the fact, I had struck up an alliance with one of the salmon kind, and though, as I have said, her society was not always congenial, our friendship probably had some effect in softening the bitterness of my regrets. She was a beau—but on second thoughts it may be wiser to refrain from further confidences on this head; it is impossible to foresee whose eyes may inspect this page, and unpleasant results might follow indiscreet revelations. Let it suffice to say that I was not entirely dissatisfied with my present condition, and seldom experienced any overwhelming desire to change it. After the free, roving life of the river I contemplated with a distinct sense of aversion a change to boots, clothes, hats,—to all the various conventional items which go to make up a civilised mortal.

When the red sun topped the surrounding woods and its glancing rays shot across the turbid river, I started on my journey up stream with a light

and happy heart, exulting in my strength as, with powerful sweeps of the tail, I clove my way through the thick water. I travelled on till mid-day, then resting in a quiet pool till evening, continued my upward progress until the sun again appeared above the eastern horizon. I had now reached a stretch of water where the current ran deep and slow. A few hundred yards further down, I had passed under a broad stone bridge which seemed familiar, and now, springing from the river to stretch my fins after the swim, I recognised instantly the pool where I lay.

There, not a hundred yards from me, the mysterious Grey Stone reared its pointed head above the eddying current, and hard by on the sloping bank stood the old elm, but not now clad in the vivid and blooming dress of summer. Its leaves had faded and fallen; the woods on either bank, and on the hills beyond, had assumed the red and brown tints of autumn, and, if still beautiful, they were sombre, in harmony with my thoughts. For a torrent of sad recollections swept on my mind as I recognised these familiar objects. I recalled that glorious day in June, the pleasant anticipations with which at early morning I had walked up the bank, the three-pounder I had killed on a floating March brown, and the fine basket of trout I had carried away from the islands. Then came the crisis of my fate, when, in an insane endeavour to capture the salmon, I had incurred the vengeance of the Queen of the Fishes. Scarcely half a mile away stood Strathearn Lodge. Sadly I wondered if the Pattisons were still there, or if they had flown to foreign parts. For all I knew, within half a mile of the spot where I lay, dear little Alice might now be waking from sleep, fresh and lovely as any rose-bud; but on this point, it may be observed, I was

destined to be correctly informed before many hours had passed. And where, all this time, was the mortal form of Richard Brown? To what base uses might that rascal fish have put it? Surely he had long since disgraced me among my friends. Ah, how I loathed him!

These distressing thoughts did not endure for any length of time; the life that ebbed and flowed within me was too vigorous to admit of morbid sentiment. Never had I rejoiced so greatly in my grace of form, in my strength, and in those superb proportions which gained for me a certain consideration from other occupants of the river. Though still true to my love for Alice Pattison I was neither alone nor unhappy. Neither man nor fish is made to live alone, and the sympathy of my companion was very soothing.

The sun was bright on the water, and a merry breeze curled the current into tiny wavelets. The river had fined down considerably, objects were discernible at a distance of several yards, and suddenly I saw a large insect approaching in which, at a glance, I recognised an artificial fly. As in regular and life-like movement wings and hackles opened and closed overhead, I experienced the same longing to seize it as on previous occasions; but now the desire was overwhelming, irresistible. In vain I struggled against the suicidal impulse; the doom of the salmon had overtaken me, and I knew the supreme moment of my career had arrived. Slowly, reluctantly, I swam towards the fatal fly. Its varied colouring was, of course, wasted on me, but by the length of the hackles, the glint of the tinsel and its general appearance, I had no difficulty in recognising the Black Dog, that old, familiar pattern with which I had slain many a fish in other days.

A sharp and sudden pain,—a heavy pull,—and the large hook was firmly planted in the corner of my mouth. I remembered the words of the Queen of the Fishes, *yet must thou pass one more ordeal*; surely, on my death, the image of a Black Dog will be found impressed on some part of my interior anatomy. It is not my intention to weary you with details of the struggle. You would naturally suppose that an educated salmon, such as I was, would experience little difficulty in breaking away from his captors. To one who from past experience was acquainted with every trick best calculated to baffle the rodsman, the feat, you will say, should have been easy. Your judgment is mistaken; you have not taken into account the instincts which now formed part of my nature. Completely losing my presence of mind, I offered no more resistance to the angler than might be expected from an ordinary salmon of my pounds, and in the course, I suppose, of about thirty minutes (though it seemed hours) I was completely exhausted.

Engrossed in the desperate struggle for life and liberty I had paid little attention to the relentless anglers bent on encompassing my destruction, merely noting that they were two in number and fishing from a boat. They had now landed opposite to the Grey Stone, where the bank was clear of trees, and as, yielding to the strong pressure, I neared the shore by slow degrees, my feelings may be imagined (I cannot describe them) when in the wielder of the rod I recognised the charming features and graceful figure of Alice Pattison. All power of resistance left me on seeing I was about to meet my fate at the soft hands of one I loved so well. Cruel, ungrateful Alice! You little knew whose spirit dwelt in the salmon you reeled in so skilfully, tortured so lightly!

Her companion, needless to say, was that ruffian Malcolm. With a com-
plaisant grin he struck the gaff in my
side, and a burning pain tingled in
every nerve as he lifted me, motion-
less, well-nigh insensible, on the bank
beside him.

"What a splendid fish," exclaimed
the sweet voice once so familiar, "and
what a poor fight he made for his
size! Make haste and kill him,
Malcolm; I never feel safe till they
are knocked on the head." On hear-
ing these cruel words I struggled
furiously, all but escaping from
Malcolm's strong hands. Wretched
girl, thus to desire my murder be-
fore her very eyes! "Canny noo, ma
braw fellow, canny, and I'se soon
sort ye." Grasping me firmly by the
neck with his left hand, Malcolm
raised the other aloft; it contained a
short, heavy stick. I gave a sudden
plunge and the blow descended harm-

less on the yielding turf. "The deil's
i' the fush!" exclaimed Malcolm, who,
to judge by the expression of his face,
enjoyed my struggles, "but ye'll no
escape me that gate." Gripping me
still more firmly, he flourished the
stick over his head. It moves,—
descends,—I am powerless to avert
the impending blow,—Alice looks on
with a smile,—then her form swims
before me and all turns dark.

RICHARD BROWN.

[I had just arrived at the eccentric flour-
ish which represented Dicky's signature
when the door opened, and my landlady de-
posited *THE MORNING POST* on my writing
table. Opening it carelessly, my eye lighted
on the interesting item of fashionable
intelligence that follows:—"A marriage
has been arranged, and will shortly take
place, between Richard Brown, Esq., of 1A,
Belgrave Road, S.W., and Miss Alice Pat-
tison, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander
Pattison, of Buchanan Street, Glasgow,
and cousin to the late Hon. Mrs. McTaggart,
of Drumtochter House, Inverness-shire."]

THE REMAKING OF THE ARMY.

ONCE again the state of the Army is before the country, and we are confronted with the familiar spectacle of a House of Commons afraid to trust the military departments, and of military departments afraid to trust the House of Commons. Both parties are fully justified in their attitude, and as this position lies at the root of our military difficulties, it is worth while to glance very swiftly at the causes which produced it.

The military service (in the modern sense) of England, as of every other European country, was born, bred, and nurtured in corruption. It was modelled on the bands of military adventurers who made war a matter of profit and loss, and offered shares in the business to any who would buy. Like all other traders these companies possessed their own standard of commercial morality, which was peculiar and not always to the taste of the peaceful citizen. Nevertheless the citizen hired them, drove hard bargains with them, and cheated them whenever he could; whereupon the company indemnified itself by treachery, lawlessness, and plunder. As the simplest means of acquiring property is to take it by force, these companies attracted the worst specimens of humanity; and so began the ill-fame of the soldier.

Gradually the nations came to the conclusion that it would be better for them to take the business, so to speak, into their own hands, to form their own fighting companies, and to pay them themselves. They did so, but they still treated officers as shareholders by the sale of commissions,

still cheated both officers and men as far as they could, and when they found that the service was unpopular secured recruits by emptying the gaols and sending round the pressgang. This was the case in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when a company in Ireland could be bought for fifty pounds. Thus the bad name of the soldier became worse than before.

Then in England there rose a man, Oliver Cromwell, who changed the whole character of the soldier. He made him the best instead of the worst behaved of men, the cream of the population instead of the scum. He conquered the Crown for the Parliament; but the Parliament, still full of its old ideas of the soldier, followed the old traditions and tried to cheat him and his men out of their due. The Army, after showing infinite patience, swept the obnoxious House of Commons away and instituted military government. Cromwell died; his government perished with him, and Parliament resolved that it should return no more.

With immense difficulty Charles the Second saved a small remnant from the wreck of the New Model, but the House refused to recognise it or to grant powers to keep it in discipline. The grand traditions of Cromwell passed away, and in a few years it was again a reproach to be a soldier; which was exactly what the Parliament desired. James the Second, to whom we owe the efficiency of the Admiralty and of the old office of Ordnance, increased the Army, and paid for the act with his throne. The country would have disbanded every

regiment, but for the war with France that followed the Revolution. As things were, the Army was increased and taken over to Flanders, where though generally defeated it was never disgraced, and though neglected and unpaid finished the war with success. It came home clamouring for wages justly due. Parliament disbanded almost the whole of it, thereby driving William nearly to abdication, and showed such dilatoriness in discharging the arrears of pay, that but for the renewal of the war, matters could hardly have ended otherwise than in a great military riot.

The consequence was that even Marlborough, who took the greatest care of his men, could hardly raise recruits for his glorious campaigns. Before the war ended it was found necessary in addition to endless other shifts to introduce short service, and to enlist men for three years. As the war was not concluded at the close of those three years, the country broke faith with the men and declined to let them go at the expiration of their term. Then came the dismissal of Marlborough, an eternal reproach to England, and the disgraceful Treaty of Utrecht, which drove the men nearly mad and caused scores of officers to quit the service in disgust. After that followed the usual wholesale disbandment.

From that time to our own the story has remained the same. Every war meant a frantic rush to make an Army; every peace a no less frantic rush to disband it. It was under such conditions that the Army fought the battles which gained for us our Empire, with a strength so inadequate that its achievements are still the marvel of foreign nations. Inwardly and outwardly it varied little from the accession of Queen Anne to the accession of Queen Victoria; from 1700 to 1800 it

hardly varied at all. The military authorities, in view of the eternal jealousy of the House of Commons, followed the example of King William the Third and fell back on three principal resources: first, to keep skeleton regiments, or in other words an army of officers; secondly, to raise Marines rather than soldiers; and thirdly, on all critical occasions to hire German mercenaries, who were rather cheaper than native recruits.

So things went on in much the same groove for two centuries. One great and silent change was accomplished almost imperceptibly, and one only. In early days, which lasted beyond the Civil War, garrisons, or to use the official phrase, guards and garrisons, had been reckoned on a distinct establishment from that of the Army proper; they undertook the duties of coast-defence and left the Army free for work in the field. So also the Colonies were guarded for the most part by independent companies, in the few cases where Imperial troops were employed at all, though the American and West Indian plantations relied chiefly on their own Militia. From the beginning of last century these guards and garrisons gradually disappeared, their duties being taken over by the regular troops, and the Colonies absorbed more and more of the regiments of the Line.

At last, after the Indian Mutiny, came a new and extraordinary burden for the Army. The British Government, apparently without the slightest consciousness of what it was doing, took over the whole responsibility of supplying the garrison of India, a far stronger garrison too than had hitherto been thought necessary. Finally in 1870 came the notorious reforms of the Army. Every one knows what they were. They began with the abolition of purchase and the intro-

duction of short service; they continued with the principle of linking battalions together in pairs, one of each pair to be always at home and the other abroad, which presently developed into the effacement of the old numbers and facings, and the institution of what is called the territorial system. In plain words, the old British Army was destroyed at a blow.

Whether the results that followed were contemplated by the authors of the scheme may be very gravely doubted. Their idea seems in the face of it to have been sound enough, namely that, since Parliament insisted on keeping no more than a skeleton Army, according to the traditions of the past two centuries, there should be a Reserve of trained men to cover it with muscle and skin. The old system provided a skeleton of old soldiers to be filled out with recruits; the system which they substituted for it provides a skeleton of boys to be filled out with an untrained Reserve. As all modern critics agree that a soldier can be no soldier unless he be in constant training, the advantages of the new system are not exactly obvious. But we doubt very much if the question ever presented itself to the reformers in that light.

However that may be, the nation discovered no great change until the South African War of 1879, when it suddenly woke to the fact that its Army consisted no longer of mature, well-drilled men, but of undisciplined boys. Shortly after this the first batch of Reserve-men was turned loose upon the country to its infinite astonishment and disgust, without the slightest forethought for their employment. Then came the Egyptian War of 1882, which emphasised previous shortcomings;¹ and after it the expedition

¹ It is worth while to remind readers that the system of drafting men from regiment to regiment was unsparingly condemned by Marlborough as fatal to efficiency.

to Suakin in 1884, which introduced the new principle that henceforth the Infantry of the Line must cease to be efficient in England, and that all little wars must be fought by the Queen's Household troops.

The simple and well-known fact is that the system of linked battalions has divided the strength of the Army by one half, by converting the home battalions into depots. Whether this was intended or not, it is of course impossible to say, but the fact remains. Moreover, the ideal of one battalion abroad and one at home has, as Mr. Brodrick plaintively observed, practically never been realised since it was first conceived. At present there are seventy-seven battalions abroad and sixty-four at home, and this, in Mr. Brodrick's words, causes a strain which was never contemplated in the original scheme. The real fact of course is that the original scheme was never calculated to stand any strain at all. India claims fifty-three battalions, Malta seven, Gibraltar four, the remainder of the Colonies seven; or seventy in all out of a total of one hundred and forty-one. South Africa and Egypt at this moment each require, and are likely for some time to require, three more apiece; so that the despatch of six battalions from a country which never sees the end of little wars is sufficient to break this precious system down. No wonder the House of Commons distrusts the War Office.

How then do we stand at this moment? We have an army in India which is probably fit to meet any army of its numbers in the world. But it has one terribly weak point; it is saturated with disease. During 1895 an average of more than five hundred and thirty-six men per thousand were admitted to hospital owing to one frightful scourge, and we await with fear and trembling the figures

for 1896. The mischief is easily preventable: it was mitigated for a time, even by inadequate regulations; but the House of Commons, inspired by a parcel of noisy and mischievous women, deliberately gave the evil free play, and this is the appalling result. Military and medical authorities have never ceased to entreat permission to revive and, if it may be, strengthen the old regulations, but in vain. For this the House of Commons is responsible; what wonder that it is regarded as the worst enemy of the British soldier, and at times by even the soberest of men as a curse to the nation?

The battalions in the Mediterranean are said by the Adjutant-General to be efficient, and we hope, though not without much misgiving, that the like may be assumed of the rest of the battalions abroad. In fact it should seem from this that the simplest method of restoring the efficiency of the Line would be to send the whole of it abroad. But it is time to look at home. Here it is acknowledged that we have several depots, but no Army, so far as Infantry is concerned, except the seven battalions of Guards, which, when last tested, were hard put to it to make up three not very strong battalions in the field. Whether we meant to do so or not, we have sacrificed our Home Army in preference for a Reserve. That Reserve, all branches included, is set down at eighty thousand men; but it undergoes no regular training, and from the nature of the case it must be, and is to a lamentable degree, diseased, that is to say, subject to physical disadvantage if not physical disability. Officers of experience have told us that it is the rule rather than the exception to find the accursed word on the medical certificate of the men whom they pass into the Reserve.

Behind the Reserve we have the

Militia, a force which at last begins to receive deserved encouragement, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers, which raise our total military strength on paper to five hundred thousand men, or six hundred thousand, or as many as the fancy of the calculator may prompt him to set down. But the only certainty is that the Military Estimates exceed twenty millions and are constantly increasing, and that we have no Home Army. Such a position is so dangerous that the country has looked to a new Commander-in-Chief and a strong Government for deliverance. The Government has made its proposals, and the Commander-in-Chief declares them to be the greatest step in advance which the Army has taken for years. The scheme is simple enough. Two new battalions are to be added to the Guards, and one to the old Seventy-Ninth; two new Colonial battalions are also to be raised, also a new battery of Field Artillery, and three thousand five hundred more Garrison Artillery. Lastly, the Cavalry is to be increased to a higher establishment and furnished with a training-ground on Salisbury Plain.

As an addition to the Army these proposals are decidedly to be welcomed. The Empire is ever increasing, and it must never be forgotten that in these days we must depend on ourselves, for we can no longer fall back on German recruits as in every one of our great wars hitherto, from the time of King William even to the Crimea. The Seventy-Ninth will welcome a second battalion of their own instead of one that is strange to them; and the raising of more Colonial battalions shows a wise reversion to the sound principles of our forefathers. A new Field-Battery is good, though more than one might be better; and it is an excellent thing that the officers of Cavalry should have more men to

command, their men more horses to ride, and all three a training-ground where they can learn their work. The addition to the Garrison Artillery we shall discuss later on, but at present the chief interest centres in the augmentation of the Guards.

Here again the addition of two battalions is in itself a thing to be welcomed, but the policy of keeping three battalions abroad in the Mediterranean garrisons is more doubtful. The officers of the Guards object to it, quite apart from their ancient privileges, on three principal grounds. The first is, that they will have difficulty in raising recruits without lowering the standard, and still greater difficulty in persuading non-commissioned officers to extend their service. Secondly, they urge that foreign service will destroy their peculiar regimental coherency. At present their battalions are constantly together, the men of each unit familiar with each other and in touch with each other, thus forming true regiments, as distinguished from mere aggregated battalions, of a kind not to be found in the rest of the Army. Lastly, they point to the disastrous results of the linking system on the rest of the Army, and ask whether the principle which has ruined the Line should be allowed to ruin the Guards also.

Mr. Brodrick, in his remarkably able speech on the 12th of February, evaded rather than met these objections, but he carried the House with him, and added some interesting particulars to soothe the feelings of the Guards. The Brigade is, he said, to be furnished with a depot over and above the strength of the regimental rolls, and Reserve men are to be allowed to return to the colours if they fail to obtain employment; or in other words the ranks of the Guards are to be kept fuller than heretofore,

and if possible with men of longer service. In this way the Guards at Gibraltar will furnish, in Mr. Brodrick's words, "a nucleus in the case of a small war from which we may hope to get a brigade of Guards of fairly high strength without unduly depleting the battalions at home." In plain language the whole of our little wars are in future to be fought by the Guards. The precedent of Suakin is accepted: the Line is finally struck off the strength of the Home Army; and since the only place where it seems possible for our troops to be effective is abroad, a beginning is to be made with the Brigade of Guards.

If the Guards are discontented, the Line is furious. Hitherto the officers of the Line have consoled themselves for long exile by the thought that at any rate they had first claim for little wars, but now they are to be deprived even of that small comfort. The officers at home are to continue to slave at the training of boy-recruits, who will be taken from them for others to command so soon as they have been made into efficient men. How the scheme will work remains to be seen; but in our view the extension of the linking system to the Guards, even though two battalions are at home and one abroad, carries with it its own condemnation. However, there the matter is; but it is a melancholy reflection that we must upset all old traditions, disorganise the Guards and irritate the Line to extremity, before we can raise a brigade of three battalions, "of fairly high strength, without unduly depleting the battalions at home," to fight in our little wars.

It is true that the whole scheme is called an experiment only, possibly an experiment in the working of a regiment of three battalions; and it is probable that we should really look upon it as but an instalment of some-

thing wider and more comprehensive. Probably too the military authorities are wise in their generation. The House of Commons has had enough of great schemes in the reforms of 1870, and history shows that, so soon as the nation perceives that it possesses an Army, it will infallibly disband it. There is great zeal for national defence at this moment, but no one can say how long it may last. Still our crying want is a Home Army. Mr. Brodrick spoke of "ten thousand surplus men at Aldershot fit to go anywhere and do anything" as an ideal beyond the dreams of a War Minister. It is precisely that which we want, and which, as we suspect, the authorities are trying to create.

In our view it can be done in one way only, by reversion to the old principle of an establishment of guards and garrisons, with the help of the old unwritten maxim of last century, *When in doubt raise Marines*. A slavish copy of the systems of continental armies is generally mistaken; we may learn much from foreign nations, but we must adapt and not be afraid of originality. We have nearly always won in European wars by developing some peculiarity of our own. Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were won by a conjunction of armament and tactics that was unique in Europe. The New Model Army was an entirely new departure. Marlborough's astonishing genius was seconded not a little by the matching of English shock-action against French missile-action in the combat of Cavalry, and by the immense superiority of English muskets and English fire-tactics over French. Wellington beat the French by reducing the ranks to two and setting English line against French column. The great question is, what do we want? Mr. Brodrick gives the answer, —ten thousand men at Aldershot fit

to go anywhere and to do anything. We must have them, no matter what foreign nations say or do.

The true solution, we suspect, was pointed out six years ago by a distinguished officer, in his day and perhaps even now, a leading authority on Imperial defence, Lieutenant-General Sir William Jervois.¹ Therein he advocated that the whole of the duties of coastal and harbour defence should be made over to the Navy. His proposition was set forth as follows:—"The Navy must not be dependent on the Army for the defence of its ports and coaling-stations, nor must there be laid on the Army the burden of finding garrisons for places which are held purely as foci for naval action."

The burden of finding garrisons; that is what breaks the Army down. The Government is dividing the Artillery (as Sir William Jervois anticipated) into Field and Garrison Artillery, and adding to the latter three thousand five hundred men. Why cannot the whole of the Garrison Artillery be converted into Marine or Naval Artillery, seeing that it is designed exclusively for the defence of ports and naval stations? Again, it is surely strange that Royal Engineers should be charged with the submarine defence of our harbours, instead of Naval Engineers. It is very curious that things marine should be given to the Navy, and things submarine to the Army; it is a covert insinuation of superficiality against Naval officers. Malta, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Singapore, Bermuda, and for that matter Portsmouth and Plymouth, are all purely naval stations; and though no doubt it is convenient for the Navy to make the other service responsible for the safety of its bases of operations, yet the consequent division of command does not seem to be the best of all possible arrangements. France

¹ THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, JUNE, 1891.

and Germany recognise the fact, and make over the entire control of coast and harbour defence to the Navy. If it be objected that the change will make two armies, the reply is that there are already two armies, and have been ever since, when Marlborough was Commander-in-Chief, the Marines were transferred from his jurisdiction to that of the Lord High Admiral. It is also worthy of consideration whether an admiral in time of war might not be glad to relieve an over-worked crew by leaving some of them in the forts of a coaling-station, and drawing out part of the garrison in its place; while it might well be advantageous for the garrison in time of peace to vary the monotony of their duty by an occasional cruise.

Marines, it will be urged, are expensive. The Infantry receive, it is true, the same pay as the Guards, which is more than that of a Linesman, but they are efficient; and an efficient man at fourteenpence a day is a great deal cheaper than an inefficient man at a shilling. Moreover, unless we are mistaken, every Marine infantryman takes his place at quarters afloat as one of a gun's crew, and is therefore also something of a gunner; while the handiness and self-help of the Marines are proverbial. Again, the service is exceedingly popular. The term of enlistment is for ten or twenty years; the men know exactly how they stand, and they are not subject to the eternal and vexatious changes which are the bane of the Army. To officers the Marine service does not at present offer the same advantages; they do not command their own men on board ship, and are for some reason excluded from all high places in the military service. But if the command of naval stations were thrown open to them there would be no lack of high positions, and with that less difficulty in obtaining officers.

The principal objections to such a plan will come from the Navy, and not from the Army; but though the change should be effected gradually, it is worth effecting for the Navy's own sake, as Sir William Jervois has shown, in order to secure unity of command in all matters of coast defence, and to gain the efficiency and economy that springs from it; while to the Army the relief would be enormous. The withdrawal of the Mediterranean and Colonial garrisons alone would go far towards realising Mr. Brodric's ideal. Eighteen battalions released would mean nine complete regiments at Aldershot, unsapped by the necessity of finding drafts, and gaining strength alike in numbers and in the maturity of the men. A last and most important feature in the scheme is that Parliament trusts the Admiralty while it does not trust the War Office, and will vote gladly to the Navy sums which it grudges to the Army.

But the nation will justly expect a considerable reduction in the military expenditure over and above that entailed by the transfer of troops to the Naval service, and the consequent reduction of establishment in all quarters with which those troops are concerned. The "non-effective vote" is of course that which lies open to most criticism, but before we touch on that, we would call attention to the strange multiplicity of our Reserve forces, the Reserve proper, the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers. It is worth while to inquire whether we really want all of them, with their nominal total of four hundred thousand men or thereabouts, and whether it is not possible that they may not rather hinder than help each other. Let us take the Volunteers first. It is beyond all question that the class which now fills its ranks is altogether different from that which filled them at

the inception of the movement. In a great many cases the privates are of no higher station than the privates of the Line. Setting aside a few select corps and exceptional individuals, the officers are incompetent and the men undisciplined; and it should seem, from the fact that in the last great strike in Wales it was thought necessary to disarm some Volunteers, that they may even be an element of danger. Year after year they have taken more from the Treasury, till they now claim a million and a quarter annually, and it is at least a very doubtful question whether they are worth the money. No one will pretend that they are as valuable as the Militia; yet we have been assured that in more than one county doles and other attractions are depleting the ranks of the Militia to swell those of the Volunteers. Again, greater inducements are offered in the Volunteers to non-commissioned officers from the Line than in the Militia, with the result that the corps which ought to possess the better permanent staff possesses the worse. We believe that of the two hundred and twenty-five thousand Volunteers or thereabouts one hundred and fifty thousand might be disbanded without loss to the country and with much gain to the Treasury. The really efficient corps are not so numerous as to make it difficult to decide which should be preserved.

It is, we know well, heresy to utter such a sentiment; and Volunteers are enough of a political power to attempt a revenge at the polling-booth upon any Minister who should slight them. We have seen in a British Colony the trouble that Volunteers may give by their political influence. The country in question was on the verge of bankruptcy, but no Minister dared to diminish, much less to disband, a force that was utterly useless

except to make a display of scarlet cloth provided at the public expense. The Government had no option but to yield to the Volunteers, and to starve and cripple the one small but really efficient body of troops which it possessed. In our view Mr. Brodrick's ideal ten thousand would be worth ten times their number of Volunteers.

Next as to the Yeomanry. This force costs rather more than £100,000 a year, and though we freely concede that it does wonders on the drill-ground during its short training of ten, or rather of six days, and that it is a pity to leave the finest material in England unused, yet we cannot but look upon it, on its present footing, as not worth its cost. It would perhaps be a pity to abolish without first trying to improve it, the more so as measures might be taken for passing retired officers of the Cavalry into it. But unless the annual training can be extended, the Yeomanry is hardly worth keeping. The state of the Army is serious, and we cannot afford to waste money on playthings.

We come next to the Militia, the old constitutional force, and we rejoice to see that the military authorities are preparing to improve and to encourage it. It is however short of its complement by nineteen thousand men, and by no fewer than seven hundred officers. This deficiency of officers is admitted to be a very serious drawback; but as Mr. Brodrick's speech shows, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's hint to the War Department to obtain better value for its money has had its effect, and it is in contemplation to make the retiring allowance of officers contingent, doubtless with due regard to circumstances, upon their further service in the Militia. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, for the non-effective vote has grown to scandalous proportions, chiefly owing

to a succession of crude and makeshift schemes for restoring the flow of promotion after the abolition of purchase. We hope meanwhile that, until officers who shall join the service under the new conditions shall be at hand to pass into the Militia, an effort will be made to induce those who retire under the present conditions to begin the work. A number of keen soldiers are driven from the service while there is still plenty of good work in them by the hopelessness of their prospects of advancement, while many others drive themselves from it by marriage. Both classes would be glad to remain in touch with the service if they could, and a little extra allowance might very well make all the difference to them. This of course has an extravagant sound; but as the country already pays £200 a year to officers retiring after twenty years' service to do nothing, she would hardly lose by offering them rather more than £200 to do work in the Militia.

We should, however, like to see not only retiring officers but also retiring men passed into the Militia. Say what we may about the Reserve, the want of an annual training renders its value extremely problematical, and it would simplify matters very much if all Reserve men could serve their time in the Militia. If, however, the Navy could take over the charge of the naval stations abroad even this might perhaps be possible. The whole duty of the Line would then exist practically in holding and guarding India; it would, in fact, with the exception of its proportion of Mr. Brodric's ten thousand, be our Indian Army. It would then be worthy of consideration whether that proportion might not with advantage be put on the same level with the Guards, though not necessarily in respect of pay and adornment, and kept at home except for active service abroad. This

would take away the reproach of granting a monopoly of little wars to the Guards alone. The New Guards, to coin a name for them, might be carefully selected among representative regiments of Light Infantry, Highlanders, Irishmen, and Rifles. So too representative regiments of Dragoons, Lancers, and Hussars of the Guard might be taken from the Cavalry, batteries to form Artillery of the Guard, and so forth. Meanwhile the present Household regiments might, or might not, revert to their old privilege of employment in a great European war only. The Line could hardly complain, for India alone furnishes a very large proportion of little wars.

Recruits for the New Guards might then be enlisted as at present, and recruits for the Line might be enlisted for three years' service at home, with the option of serving for the remaining nine either in India or in the Militia. In certain cases, if men were particularly anxious to go abroad earlier, they might be indulged; but though a great deal has been made of the fact (for we believe it to be true) that the British soldier is always anxious to go abroad, it is forgotten that when abroad he is equally anxious to get home. The real craving is of course for change, which, however, may none the less be turned to good account. It is of course impossible to say whether such an arrangement would be effective or not. One chief objection seems to be that the Reserve men could not find employment which would leave them free for a month every year. But the Militia men seem to be able to find it, so that the thing should not be impossible. If this plan were successful, it would add enormously to the efficiency both of Reserve and Militia. Retired men would serve under their former officers, possibly in time even to the strength

of a whole Reserve battalion, to the improvement of both, and to the greater coherence between the Line and the Militia battalions affiliated to it. Finally the non-effective vote would be very greatly reduced.

But it is one thing to draw up pretty schemes on paper and quite another to reduce them to practice. We shall only therefore repeat our conviction that in the transfer of the charge of the naval stations abroad to the Navy lies the true solution of our military difficulties. We believe that it ought to be done for the Navy's sake alone, and we believe that it could be done without any insuperable difficulty. Sentiment also favours the suggestion somewhat, for the name of the Marines is inseparably bound up with the capture, and with more than one defence, of Gibraltar.

For the rest, there are now as always abundance of other matters which need to be set right. Regimental officers never cease to cry out for reform in the matter of deferred pay, to mention one of the commonest complaints. Again, the territorial titles are found to be not only absurd, but liable to a confusion which might be of serious disadvantage. Perhaps, however, the authorities are wise to leave this latter question untouched for the present, until the traditions of the old numbers have become fainter than they are now. But the task which in our view is as important as

any, is the reduction of the enormous waste in certain branches of the service. The early traditions of all European armies are, as we have said, traditions of corruption. Formerly officers were very deeply tainted with it; in fact the shameless fashion in which they robbed their men is explicable only by the still more shameless extortion practised towards themselves by civilians, and especially by clerks. Officers have long purged themselves from this reproach, but non-commissioned officers have not, as any one who knows anything of canteens can testify; and non-commissioned officers in some branches are frequently in positions which enable them to defraud the public as well as the men. Decentralisation, which is, we believe, in progress, will help to break up some of the chief hot-beds of waste and corruption, and time, with the reforms which time will make possible, will, we trust, sweep away much of the non-effective vote and reduce our redundant establishment of generals and other similar absurdities. Time also may do something towards diminishing the childish superfluity of military correspondence, which is the amazement of the civilian. We may even dare to hope that time will some day bring the House of Commons to tolerate the spectacle of a small Army without yielding to the old itching to destroy it on the spot.

STEVINUS.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

SPEAKING of the Indian Famine last November the Secretary of State told us that the area affected comprised a population of about thirty-six millions of inhabitants, a very large proportion of which would be able to help themselves; and that in addition there were threatened districts containing about eighteen million inhabitants, and a further area, partly affected and partly threatened, in the Native States comprising another eighteen millions. At the same time he added: "The extraordinary improvement which has taken place in the administrative arrangements for dealing with famine do not exhaust the advantages which the Indian Government possesses over all preceding administrations. Twenty years ago about the same area as is now affected was the scene of a desolating famine. Up to now in every previous famine India has had to depend upon food-supplies from herself. For the first time she can now depend for food-supplies upon the rest of the world, and heavy imports of grain are already beginning to arrive from America and other countries." It will be interesting to hear more about these imports later on, and to learn if some of them, as reported, were actually returned to the Cape because they could not be sold at the prices offered.

Since this forecast was framed the situation has been greatly improved by rain at the end of November and in the three following months. In the middle of February we heard of more than two millions in receipt of relief from Government, half of them

being in the North-West Provinces and Oudh, the rest distributed over the Central Provinces, Bengal, Bombay, the Punjab, Madras, Burmah, and Berar. Nearly another million were returned from Native States. The figures have grown since, except in the Native States, where they appear to have fallen considerably, judging from more recent telegrams; while numbers who have left relief-works temporarily to harvest the spring-crops will return to them next month when labour will probably reach its maximum. In connection with this it is worth noting that in May labour is often invited, at extra rates if necessary, to complete operations for storing water and other projects before the rains, due in June, can injure them and render work impracticable.

The present scarcity is unprecedented in extent, but not in severity. Happily its other distinguishing feature attests a triumph of administrative achievement, in that from the first supplies of grain have been forthcoming everywhere. In Orissa, in 1866, gold in their hands would not have saved numbers who starved. Even ten years later in Southern India famine meant in places an absolute lack of food at any price. Increased means of communication by railway, of irrigation from canals, tanks, and wells, with forethought, management, and private trade, have now reduced it to a question of grain at high prices; and every year should show further development of these agencies and extension of food-producing areas as population increases.

It has been alleged that the Government of India has perverted its Famine Relief Fund "to cover the expenses of frontier expeditions." The explanations lately given in the Press and Parliament ought to satisfy most minds that it has exercised commendable foresight by investing the annual contributions to famine insurance, which make up that fund, in protective canals and railways. Whether the application of a part of those contributions to the avoidance of debt, for the purpose of enabling ordinary income to meet more economically the expenditure of famine years, is equally justifiable may be more open to criticism; but at least it has been defended by successive Governments and Secretaries of State.

How many untravelled Englishmen reflect that, setting aside the famines which depopulated large tracts in days anterior to British rule, eighteen have occurred since, and fourteen of these during the present century? Some of us can remember the famine in Orissa in 1866, when nearly a million persons perished, owing to the Government being quite unprepared to meet that great calamity or to gauge its dimensions from the beginning. It was the outcry raised on that occasion that first established the principle, which has been growing ever since, that it is the duty of Government to see that the people are not allowed to starve for want of food. In the Bengal Famine of 1873-74 this principle was carried out so liberally (some think so extravagantly), that two years later, when Southern India was visited by a famine more widespread and of far severer type, a policy of reaction, underrating where the other had overrated, led to a mortality among human beings estimated at upwards of five millions. The blunders then made in Madras and Mysore, and which caused Lord

Lytton to descend in wrath and in person upon the scene, have not been, and never can be, repeated under the system now established for discerning the first symptoms of approaching scarcity and treating it in its subsequent stages. Each province has now its Famine Code, a compendium of carefully garnered experience; and its officials from the highest to the lowest are supplied with detailed instructions which provide for stocks and prices of grain, rainfall, prospects of crops and fodder, condition of cattle, &c., being carefully watched and reported on so that timely relief may be afforded; by suspension of land-revenue followed by remission when necessary; by advances from Government to needy land-owners and cultivators for making tanks, sinking wells, and other projects designed to improve the supply of water or to employ labour; also for the purchase of cattle and fodder, seed-grain, and agricultural implements. For the thousands who subsist by manual labour public works, more or less remunerative, are opened to provide a daily wage for every man, woman, or child who will go to them; and a list of these is maintained from year to year, fresh ones being designed to take the place of others as they are finished. No one who can carry a light basket of earth need starve, though the wage varies according to the labour and strength of the person who earns it. When the works are large, and at a distance from the homes of those who flock to them, huge camps are formed in their neighbourhood, each in itself a village of grass huts supplied with grain-dealers, police, and all that is needed for sanitary and medical requirements. For the old and infirm, women and children, who cannot, or will not, go to relief-works or poor-houses, every effort is made to keep them from starving by a system of

gratuitous relief involving house-to-house visitation. This is naturally more open to abuse and less effective than the other means enumerated above, chiefly because of the greater difficulty of securing for it adequate and trustworthy supervision. Relief is also afforded to women and others, debarred by rules of caste or pride from seeking it through other channels, by doles distributed at their own homes in return for spinning, weaving, and other work which they are capable of executing. These appear in official returns as Home-workers, or under the heading Home-relief.

The magnitude of the task thus undertaken by the Government is brought out more clearly when we reflect that about four-fifths of the population derive their food from crops dependent on the rainfall, except where there are artificial means of irrigation, which again suffer from drought. To this general statement may be added another regarding the diet in good years of the classes now in receipt of relief from Government, especially on relief-works. They are accustomed to one good meal in the evening, with a drink of thin gruel in the early morning and a slighter meal about mid-day. Wheat and rice of the best quality they never eat. In Upper and Central India their food consists mainly of thick damper cakes (*chupatties*) of flour from millets of different kinds; while in the South, in Burma, and in parts of Bengal coarse rice takes the place of *chupatties*. For seasoning there are salt, sugar, ghee (a clarified lard of smell and flavour unpleasing to European tastes), red pepper (chillies), turmeric, cocoanut, and other condiments, with common vegetables and fruits, such as plantains and mangoes. The luxuries most in vogue, and seldom unattainable, are greasy sweetmeats, cheap liquor manufactured in the country,

and a pull at odd times of strong tobacco from a primitive kind of pipe handed rounded to different members of a family or gang. The poorest are often restricted to one cooked meal a day, eked out by parched gram (pulse) and cold scraps of any kind carried about in wallet or waist-cloth. On this fare myriads live and thrive, do a day's work in leisurely Indian fashion, laugh, sing, and are gay. But even when seasons are crowned with plenty the traveller may see everywhere Indians who look habitually underfed. Yet children and old age come to them as to others of stouter frame, though less frequently perhaps, and with less vigour.

In reading the Viceroy's weekly telegrams from India one is apt to attach perhaps undue importance to a sudden increase in the numbers on relief-works as an indication of distress. An idea is prevalent that no one would go to such works except in the last extremity, as when in England the workhouse becomes the last refuge of the indigent. If this were so, there would be few able-bodied labourers on such works capable of earning the full wage offered, or of sustaining the hardships inseparable from life on them. The last extremity means general debility and susceptibility to diseases of all kinds. To wait, before accepting relief, till the vital powers are run down is obviously bad policy; and this view is so far recognised that the living skeletons depicted in ancient photographs and modern illustrated journals are now, I believe, comparatively rare in relief-camps, though some may be seen in the villages, poor-houses, and at places, notably at railway-stations, where begging is preferred to work. Were it not so the reports of the Health-officers, generally favourable, would surely be as gloomy as they were in 1876. Another sign

that, if exhaustion of all other resources precedes resort to relief-works, health at least is not as a rule much below its normal level, may be seen from the way in which hundreds will leave such works for a few days to enjoy a customary festival at their own homes. That thousands should leave for longer intervals when sowing or reaping time draws near is only natural and wise ; but even this would not be possible if they were literally dependent on Government for their daily bread, and could not get advances from the *bunniahs* who in every town and village combine the functions of money-lenders and dealers in grain. I have known men working on a tank decline, on its completion, to be transferred to another only four or five miles distant, preferring to return to their villages ; while nothing is commoner than for persons of both sexes to join relief-works, if available, within easy distance of their homes and yet refuse work twenty miles off. Cases have been reported of women on relief-works who wore silver bangles or anklets, and I have heard of others, more numerous and typical, in which persons availed themselves of similar employment who, had it not been forthcoming, would have been supported by their relatives and friends. The latter are now less reluctant than in former years to counsel, or even to compel, resort to assistance from Government, such assistance being no longer esteemed a disgrace. Those who maintain that the action of the British Government has in various ways tended to pauperise the masses of the Indian population may regard this as a sign of the poverty that levels all principles ; to others it will rather betoken increased confidence in Government public works as a means of support so long as it is required, with a growing sense of the inutility of a pride which entails starvation, or else cripples to a dan-

gerous extent the resources of relations none too well off themselves. In all countries the poor do more for each other than the rich ; and nowhere, as is well known, are the ties of relationship and the obligations of caste and brotherhood recognised to such extent, even to the division of the last loaf, as in India. One of the wonders of the East is that it has no necessity for the Poor-Laws of the West, unless Government relief-measures in times of scarcity can be accounted Poor-Laws. which in truth they are and of a most liberal character.

By these remarks it is far from my intention to imply that a rise of half a million in relief-works does not signify a large measure of additional distress, but only that the measure is not necessarily so great as at first sight it appears to be. Some day, if the passion for statistics continues to increase, the condition of individuals coming on relief-works may be registered and compared with their condition when they cease to accept relief, and in this way the sufficiency of the famine-wage may also be tested. At present the only tests are general observation, the opinion of medical experts, and vital statistics for the years immediately succeeding a famine. That famines enfeeble the people afflicted by them, increase death-rates and decrease birth-rates, is of course as true as that wars count more victims in their wake from disease and hardship than are killed in action. Such things must needs be. Experience will doubtless suggest additional improvements in famine-administration which, in spite of the great progress achieved, no sensible man will regard as perfect, though his eyes may fail to perceive at present how much more can be attempted, and by what other means, without increasing expenditure to an insupportable degree. Tales of large gains to contractors and of little ones

to a host of petty subordinates, of conscientious officers eager to start relief-measures before others, equally conscientious, consider them necessary, are no more imaginary in our day than are the tales of disaster in former times from a policy of delay in affording relief. The pendulum swings to and fro in different places at different times; but errors on the right side, the side of preserving life, are now so readily condoned that few district-officers are afraid of them. The trumpet-note of benevolence, if sounded clear and strong by any leader in the campaign, is bound to produce some errors of this description; and no Englishman will criticise them ungenerously so long as no other lesser trumpet is blown at the same time.

Under the influence of the Paramount Power Native States are awakening to a sense of their responsibilities for preserving human life in times of scarcity, just as our Government awoke to them thirty years ago after the Orissa famine; but in them, as elsewhere, doubts are sometimes entertained as to whether the new philanthropy will end in bankruptcy, and whether it is true wisdom to interfere overmuch with dispensations of Providence that relieve the soil of unprofitable burdens and a population it can hardly maintain. For some States the time-honoured remedy of emigration must continue to exist so long as it can be permitted. The astonishing thing about it is that the emigrants always return after a crisis which they know will recur again and again, so great is their inborn attachment to a scanty soil scratched by their forefathers from generation to generation under rainless skies. Yet Native States have methods of dealing with famine denied to British districts under rules which admit labour to relief-works

without much question as to whence it comes, and which also decline to interfere with private trade and the tariffs of local grain-dealers. A glance at one or two of these may be found interesting.

It was part of my business as Chief Commissioner of two British districts, Ajmere and Merwara, to supervise relief-operations in them during 1891 and 1892, and at the same time, as Agent to the Governor-General for Rajputana, to induce adjoining Native States which also suffered from scarcity to institute relief-measures for their own people, who otherwise would, as they had done some years previously, have crowded into Ajmere and Merwara and taxed our resources to an alarming extent. They responded to the call in a manner worthy of all praise; but even when their arrangements were in full force it was puzzling to account for the low returns of labour on their relief-works as compared with those of the British districts close at hand. In respect to drought, the immediate cause of scarcity, no marked difference prevailed. Nor was it apparent that the peasantry in the areas under comparison differed much in their poverty, though the fact¹ that cultivators in Native States are not allowed, as in British territory, to alienate the land they occupy by mortgage and sale,

¹ The power to sell or mortgage land, or the occupancy of land is, it is argued, a *damnosa hereditas*, inasmuch as the simple needy cultivator is easily forced to exercise it and is thus placed entirely at the mercy of his creditor, who can always recover on a bond in a British Court. In a Native State, it is alleged, he has always the security of future crops to offer for loans, and the bunniah has not the same facilities for driving a hard bargain, and can never oust him from his holding. This opens as wide a field of discussion as the argument that civilisation, generally more advanced in British districts than in Native States, increases wants; a tendency not to be regretted if increased wants lead to increase of means, on the principle that Necessity is the mother of Invention.

was adduced as a reason for their being kept up by advances from bunniahs, stimulated by State officials who promised assistance in recovering them. Private charity was, I think, more active in the one case than the other, partly because of the idea that there was less need of it where the long purse and broad sympathies of our Government could be freely appealed to. My inquiries on the subject were answered by those who superintended relief-measures in two States, offering a fair field of comparison, much to the following effect: "Your officers promised relief too soon, and thus checked emigration. Our people are more independent than yours, who rely on the Government for aid in everything. They are accustomed to emigrate with their cattle at the first signs of failure in the rains, whereas yours have hung on till their cattle are dead, knowing that in the last resource the Government will find them a meal. We have not the means to start relief-works, as you do, and let any one who pleases come on to them, while local knowledge enables our overseers to tell at once whether So-and-so is a proper subject for relief by being quite penniless and having no relations who can feed him. We can bring pressure to bear on village bunniahs and others to give loans and help to needy persons, and not to charge exorbitant prices for grain. In this way crime and rioting are often prevented. As for grain leaving the State, if subjected to interference of this kind, Durbars are used to forbid export in times of emergency, though this plan is not so common now because the British Government does not like it." As a matter of fact grain sold rather dearer than cheaper in the States referred to as compared with Ajmere. With regard to the other reasons given in this reply, the

reader will see for himself how far they accord with modern English notions of administration, which, however, are not opposed to migratory movements of human beings and cattle provided they do not bear inconveniently on the quarters invaded. It is obvious that tracts with barely sufficient food, pasture, or work for their own inhabitants would object to immigrants in large numbers. We may look to relief-works in Native States attracting as much labour as in our own districts, when they are as numerous and well-managed; and only the largest States can ever approach this standard, notwithstanding that the advantage of a more intimate acquaintance with the actual necessities and means of village communities be on their side, together with opportunities of profiting by our experience and mistakes. In some ways they may teach us useful lessons for the improvement of that famine-administration which has been more our study than theirs of late years; but those correspondents of Indian newspapers seem doomed to disappointment who hold up for our imitation their methods of keeping down prices and forbidding exports of grain. An article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of last December, referring to the mistakes of former famines, concluded with the following suggestions which strike me as worth quoting:

The Government should as early as possible import grain into tracts more than thirty miles from a railway or port, and should store there. Three times the ordinary rate of prosperous times is a limit which cannot safely be exceeded for any considerable period; that is a lesson taught most forcibly by the grievous mortality of the Northern India and Orissa famines of 1861 and 1866, and by the Southern India famine of 1877. That limit once reached Government should no longer withhold from selling its stored grain at a rate three times that ordinarily prevailing in good years; for in such a

case, even though the rate of pay given to labourers on works be increased, Government will be unable in any way to reach many of those to whom any increase in price must (then) mean starvation. Selling at a fixed rate, Government would prevent the possibility of food selling in the same market at a higher rate, while the moment prices drop below its fixed rate it would retire from interference and leave the field as open to private trade as if it had never entered upon the scene. Far from interfering with private trade, by leaving a fair margin for profit on all private transactions, and by establishing a fixed point up to which, and no further, prices could rise, the Government action would enable the private trader to calculate with exactness the risks of his enterprise.

In the present scarcity we have not heard of Government storing supplies anywhere, nor, I think, of food-grains selling at three times the rates of normal years; I doubt indeed if those rates have even been doubled, as a general rule. Lord Elgin's Government has deliberately recorded its adherence to the policy of leaving all operations of supply to private trade, which so far is said to have been equal to the occasion, and, generalising broadly, would not appear to have inflated prices to a dangerous extent. But broad generalisations do not suit particular cases. If a local government had good reason to apprehend a failure of supply anywhere, or danger from impossible prices, and there were no time to obtain the orders of the Supreme Government, it would have to take steps to meet the difficulty on its own responsibility. In the Bengal Famine a large sum was spent, I believe, in cheapening grain to buyers, a process which might be repeated in special localities, though it is not to be found in any Code and would not be sanctioned too readily. Many and devious are the paths of famine-administration, and some are not yet free from rocks of controversy which able and devoted pioneers on the spot must be trusted to clear

away for themselves. The burden laid on their shoulders, and on the Viceroy, is being borne in a manner that calls for and will receive the admiration and gratitude of their countrymen all over the world, as well as of the millions for whom they are toiling.

It must not be gathered from any of these remarks that I look on relief-measures in British districts as uniformly successful. My own experience in a limited sphere, at a time of scarcity which, compared with the present, was a very small affair, prepares me to hear of several failures to avert acute distress, of gruesome scenes which may betoken gross mismanagement to an outside observer unacquainted with the various difficulties our officers have to contend against, with subordinates not always intelligent, trustworthy, or forbearing, and with sufferers both foolish and helpless; but those who know the means taken to guard against such failures and scenes by expenditure of time, trouble, money, and even of life, in a campaign against famine will be surprised if they do not stand out as exceptions to the general rule when the history of the present campaign comes to be written. More than this can hardly be expected from efforts to provide relief for millions over a hundred districts.

It is grievous to think that one of the hardest problems encountered is how to preserve life and strength to little children. A family may be seen on a relief-work consisting of a man with a wife, mother, and two or three children. The proper place for one might be a poor-house, for another a hospital, but they will not and cannot be separated. A dole of money will be drawn for each of the children, to be spent occasionally in tobacco or opium for the adults. Thus little ones will dwindle by degrees for want of milk (not always procurable) or

gruel which a few handfuls of parched gram cannot make up for. Is it wonderful that they die, are sold, or given away? How are cases like these to be treated? You cannot fill poor-houses with persons who can work out of doors or who will not go to them, nor hospitals with those not too sick to move and unwilling to enter them, nor can you tear children from their parents. Sometimes, by substituting cooked food and gruel for the dole of money, relief is possible; but that is an expensive process in a large famine, and past experience shows it is open to other objections also, though unavoidable when numbers are so debilitated as to be incapable of swallowing without injury food that is not soft and digestible. To detail the host of difficulties that arise, and the means taken to meet them, would fill several pages. A glimpse of the general situation may suffice to prevent the uninstructed reader being inspired by exaggerated newspaper reports to indulge in diatribes against Government servants, though it is only right that these should be assisted by information and criticism such as the leading Indian journals are in the habit of offering. For the present the Viceroy's last monthly telegram gives a good report of the health and condition of the people in Bombay, Madras, the Punjab, Bengal, and Burma; and speaks of them as "fair to good" in the North-West and Central Provinces, excepting parts of eight districts. It adds:—

The State payments to workers and in gratuitous relief exceed two lakhs a day. The immediate outlook is not unfavourable, though the strain on the Administration is serious. The system of relief adopted is proving equal to the present emergency, and, as far as can be foreseen, will so continue. The attitude of all classes is exemplary; the people are genuinely grateful for the relief given.

It may be well to give some brief

description of the famine-wage. The full wage represents what will buy sufficient grain, salt, ghee, and condiments to maintain an able-bodied man or woman in health while at work, and is fixed by medical authority and general experience. It varies as prices rise or fall. In Ajmere the bunniahs who supplied the labourers agreed to sell at rates exceeding the average district rate by one anna (three halfpence) in the rupee, the additional anna being taken to cover the cost of importing and carrying supplies from towns to works. A weekly average from the rates in the principal towns was thus obtained, which, with six per cent. added, became the common works-rate for the district. There was a three-quarter wage for those who preferred to do less work or could not earn the full wage, and a minimum wage for others still less competent or disposed to labour. The district-officers reported that, while the full wage was adequate, both the lower ones were attended by risk of physical deterioration. I need not enter into the question further; but it is interesting to note that a few years ago a general inquiry estimated the average earnings in ordinary times of the poorest labouring classes in that district at from four to five rupees a month per man. This was a fraction over the full famine-wage, which, however, enables women and children to earn more than they generally get when there are no relief-works; so that the joint earnings of families on such works are often greater in actual amount than they are in years not of famine. The Ajmere district, it is true, is poor and always anxious about its crops and capricious rainfall, yet the classes referred to are by no means decrepit or physically weak. They would not be human if, with thousands all over India, they did not long for lighter

assessments of land-revenue and free salt; and they illustrate, I regret to say, that general indebtedness of the Indian peasantry which has long been crying aloud for further protection from Government, to prevent the soil passing out of the hands of its legitimate and natural occupiers into those of the money-lending classes.

A word remains to be said about the cost of the relief-measures in progress. That will depend on the rains due from next June to September. If these are favourable the majority of relief-works should be wound up in the autumn. Anticipating that the numbers in receipt of relief may exceed three millions, we have been told on official authority that the famine will cost the Indian Treasury in relief expenditure and loss of revenue from £4,000,000 to £6,000,000, and this estimate may be exceeded. In the Bengal Famine of 1873-4, which lasted over nine months, the total cost amounted to six and a half crores of rupees (over £4,000,000); in the Madras Famine of 1876-77, lasting over thirteen months, to eight crores (about £6,000,000); in Bombay, during the same period of thirteen months, to one crore and a quarter (nearly £1,000,000). The numbers on relief in the Madras and Bombay districts rose at one time to nearly two and three quarter millions, a record already passed; and next year's accounts are pretty sure to show that the united record of expenditure for Madras and Bombay, as above noted, has also been left behind. Some persons talk as if six or even twelve millions sterling were a small price to pay for relief in such a crisis; and considering that, when the Famine Relief Fund was started sixteen years ago, it was proposed to set aside annually for insurance against famine about one million (one hundred and fifty lakhs), this view would not

appear extravagant. It is supported not only by philanthropy, but by arguments referring to the immense loss of agricultural wealth caused by protracted and widespread drought, with consequent loss of revenue to Government, and of ability to bear taxation if relief is not distributed with a liberal hand. On the other side are the claims and interests of future generations, so intimately connected with protective works, like railways and canals, that ought not to be stinted, being the best possible means for contracting the areas and reducing the severity of famines, which must recur periodically; the pressing necessities involved in the maintenance of empire and of good administration; the famine-stricken rupee and the hotly criticised home charges; all of which task to the uttermost the resources of our Indian Government.

This brief survey may close with a reference to those subscriptions which afford some token of the general sympathy with India in her great calamity. On March 20th the Mansion House Fund had reached a total of £445,450, independently of contributions from Canada and other Colonies and Dependencies, and not counting over £100,000 sent direct to India by the single county of Lancashire. Should even a million sterling be remitted to the Central Committee of Calcutta, which will make allotments to local committees in the provinces, that sum will relieve the Government of India of none of the obligations it has undertaken to meet; it will save its exchequer not a single rupee. The object of its famine expenditure is only, or mainly, to preserve life; private charity can make life a little more bearable to those who have lost their all. "It is by the work of individuals, officials and non-officials, of men and women working among those who know and trust them, that we can

hope to discover where comforts beyond the subsistence ration become a necessity, where domestic privacy conceals misery and starvation, where we can do something to make up to an orphan for the loss of a father's care, where we can preserve to an honest man the independence which he values nearly as highly as his life." These are Lord Elgin's words, and they show the purposes to which our contributions will be applied and how welcome they will be. "A drop in the ocean," say some; let us rather call them a wave, and think of the value of a wave of sentiment and sympathy from one country to another, instead of trying to estimate the number of cases they must fail to reach. It may be hard to dispute the opinion expressed by *THE SPECTATOR* that English subscriptions would be more effective if used to succour those who have lost their means of support from the Plague, supposing the number of these continues to increase. At present there is nothing to show that it has outgrown the capabilities of local benevolence. At any rate, should good authorities on the spot propose to assist this class of sufferers from foreign contributions to the Famine Fund, the contributors are not likely to object.

G. H. TREVOR.

P.S.—Since these lines were written a striking picture of what has been done of late years to guard against famine has been presented by Sir Charles Elliott in his lecture before the Society of Arts (Indian Section) on March 11th. It was estimated, he said, that altogether out of a total cultivated area of 180,000,000 acres 29,000,000 acres were now irrigated, and so placed beyond the risks arising from any ordinary drought. The food raised in this area was sufficient in times of famine to feed 120,000,000 people, or half the entire population of British India. With regard to railways, he states that altogether 19,677 miles of railway were open in April, 1896, which was an increase of 11,409 miles beyond the figures for 1877. The expenditure of the Famine Relief Fund since its institution in 1881 he exhibited as showing Rs. 110,000,000 spent on protective railways; nearly Rs. 20,000,000 on canals; Rs. 53,333,000 on reduction of debt; and about Rs. 3,333,000 on famine relief. The value of the rupee has fluctuated so much that it is difficult to transpose these figures into English currency. At present exchange Rs. 20,000,000 would represent about a million and a quarter sterling.

G. H. T.

